

**ARMONGER
CARTER?—
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.** —see page 134

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE CAMPAIGN:

NOTES
ON

TEXAS

THE
GAS TAX

BARRY
COMMONER

ED
CLARK

CHURCH-
STATE

By William Murchison ★ Richard Brookhiser
R. H. Timberlake Jr. ★ Harold O. J. Brown

**Down Mexico Way:
The Road to Serfdom**

GEORGE BYRAM LAKE

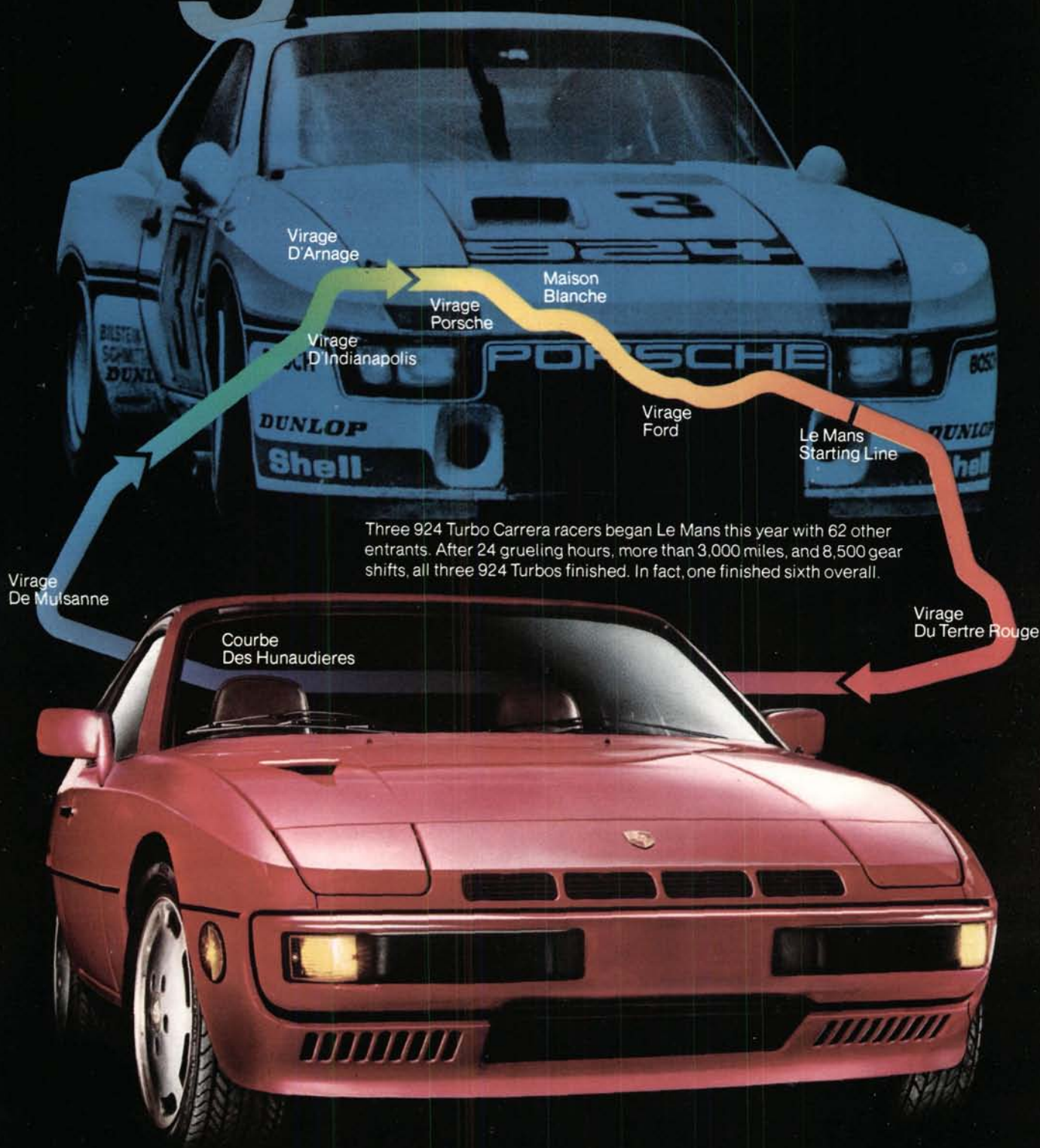


Consumer Orientation

No. 9 in a Series

Subject: The Race Track
as Proving Ground

Porsche 924 Turbo



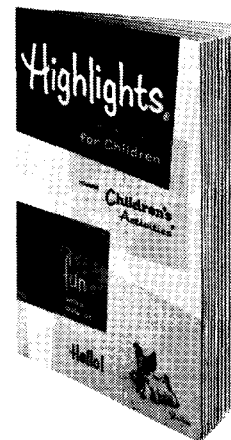
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Its intent is not only to delight and entertain, but to challenge and teach. The editors are nationally known experts in child psychology and family life; they firmly believe that growing children find their greatest pleasure in thinking, creating, and surprising themselves and their parents by reaching intellectual heights no one had ever suspected they could.

Throughout the year, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN brings its

young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects, puzzles, games and just plain fun. It avoids any suggestion of violence or crime in words or pictures. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. The pages are attractively and colorfully illustrated; the type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of the child's permanent library.

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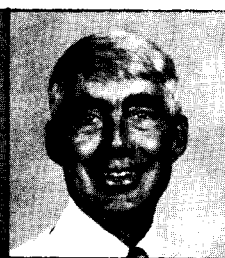
• NDZ 45



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Articles & Columns

1315 Down Mexico Way: The Road to Serfdom

Mexico has fifty billion barrels of known oil reserves, and enough minerals, to boot, to make the nation fabulously rich. But Mexico is also one of the Free World's most bureaucratized, corrupt, mismanaged, and withal poor countries. It nationalized the oil in 1938 and all but ruined the industry. Now that the world is willing to pay nosewise for the oil, Mexico is nationalizing everything else too. Soon it will be poorer than ever—and that may be just the beginning of its troubles.

George Byram Lake

1321 Bullish on Reagan

Texas, with 26 electoral votes, could be the critical state in November. Right now it's all Reagan's.

William Murchison

1324 None of the Above

The fourth-party candidate would have laissez-faire up (or down) to, and including, kiddie sex. The fifth-party guy opts for sunny socialism.

Richard Brookhiser

1326 The Conservative Mainstream

Young Americans for Freedom was behind the times at its founding. Now the times have caught up.

M. Stanton Evans

1328 The Road to Theocracy?

There's a word for what the conservative activist fundamentalist Christians seek, but it isn't theocracy. Unless you're a Tillich buff, you've probably never heard it. And if you're a Tillich buff, you're probably not a fundamentalist.

Harold O. J. Brown

1330 The Fifty-Cent Tax on Gasoline

A reply to John Anderson's proposal, which has been applauded by our editor; with a further reply from that editor.

R. H. Timberlake Jr. & Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

1332 What the President Means, Is . . .

President Carter's new nuclear strategy is either an election gimmick, or an invitation to a computer-error Armageddon. *Who's trigger-happy?*

Damian Housmar

Books Arts & Manners

1335 Sidney Hook, the world's best socialist, offers a new collection. Victims of his analytical essays include such deserving souls as William O. Douglas and Lillian Hellman. **Jeanne Wacker Sobran**, a former student of Hook's, views him with veneration and just a touch of alarm. . . . **Vic Gold** examines Spiro Agnew's latest batch of excuses. . . . **Alan L. Miller** enjoys a colorful look back at the Crash. . . . Walker Percy brings back the hero of *The Last Gentleman* for *The Second Coming*; **J. O. Tate** welcomes him, guardedly. . . . **D. Keith Mano** deplores the injustice of comparing Philip Caputo's latest to his previous, to which it doesn't measure up. . . . **John Simon** is still enjoying *Jimmie Blacksmith*. . . . **Joseph Sobran** takes on Peter Ustinov and Vanessa Redgrave. . . . **Nika Hazelton** visits little old New York.

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan



NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Review, Inc., at 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1980. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: \$24.00 (26 issues) a year. Add \$2.00 for Canada, \$4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless re-

turn postage or, better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

Buenos Aires: 400 Years Young.

One of the world's great cities is celebrating its 400th birthday this year: Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina.

And many of the world's great have come to help celebrate—including Queen Sophia of Spain . . . President Joao Baptista Figueiredo of Brazil . . . Mayor Maurice Ferre of Miami . . . Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles . . . Mstislav Rostropovich and the National Symphony Orchestra . . . Zubin Mehta and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Israel . . . and countless others.

Looking at metropolitan Buenos Aires today, with its nine million inhabitants, soaring skyscrapers, busy factories, bustling airports, crowded theaters and modern hospitals, it is difficult to imagine its birth in 1580 as a tiny village of barely 200 people on an unknown river thousands of miles from civilization.

For nearly 200 years, the town slept until in 1776 the viceroyalty of the Rio de la Plata was created with its seat in Buenos Aires.

Between 1860 and the First World War, European immigrants arrived by the hundreds of thousands, swelling the city's population. In 1905, it was one million; in 1927, it was two million; in 1947, it was nearly 4.7 million, making it the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world.



Why have so many come to live in Buenos Aires? Wouldn't you, if you could live in a city which:

- Is the commercial, industrial, political and cultural center of a dynamic country like Argentina.
- Is one of the largest ports in the world with a waterfront stretching more than five miles.
- Offers opportunity in such industries as food processing, oil refining, metalworks, automobiles, and printing as well as the making of textiles, beverages, paper, paint and chemicals.

- Features more than 12 universities, 50 museums, 500 libraries and 40 theaters, including the world famous Teatro Colon opera house.
- Is ringed with plazas, parks and tree-lined boulevards—and blessed with a year-round temperate climate.
- Boasts more than 50 different *barrios* or neighborhoods—and is the birthplace of the tango and the home of the best steaks in the world.
- Plays almost every sport under the sun, hosting and winning, for example, the 1978 World Soccer Cup at its River Plate Club stadium, the nation's largest.
- Has four TV channels, nine daily newspapers, more than 50 major magazines and 25 publications in foreign languages.

Buenos Aires is a city about which it is easy to use superlatives. And they are all true.

It is the city that never sleeps—the Paris of the Southern Hemisphere—the city with a thousand faces—a city for everyone.

Buenos Aires is a brilliant kaleidoscope of neon, parks, monuments, discos, night clubs, stores, offices and happy vibrant people—and a wonderful city to visit on your next vacation.

Buenos Aires: 400 years young, and yet to reach its full potential.

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Tease

Jacob Neusner's oh-so-solid, oh-so-sober advice to American Jews ["How Should American Jews Vote?" Oct. 17] left me, as Romeo once put it, "so unsatisfied." Why the caution? When I pull the curtain closed behind me on November 4, I will not "support an essentially conservative policy"—I will pull the lever for Ronald Reagan. Come on, Mr. Neusner, there's a crucial campaign in progress. To title a piece "How Should American Jews Vote?" only to retreat into coy circumlocution in the pinch is political coquettishness.

Eva Beim
Sacramento, Calif.

Revisionist History?

Although I find the "Letters" portion of *NR* to be one of its most distinguished and enlightening features, I was astonished to read therein [Oct. 3] that Solon instituted a progressive income tax as part of his *seisachtheia*. I would be very interested to see what ancient source supports such a claim. I had always understood Solon's wealth classifications (*pentakosiomedimnoi*) of the Athenian population to have been mainly concerned with changing the requirements for holding public office from birth to wealth. See Aristotle, *Athenaion Politeia* VII-VIII; Plutarch, *Solon* 18. On the other hand, I can find no ancient source that mentions a Solonian income tax, nor is such a device mentioned by such generally respected ancient historians as A. Andrewes, J. B. Bury, W. G. Forrest, or A. W. Gomme. While an *argumentum e silentio* like this is never strong, I fear that, unless there has been a major discovery during the year and a half I have been out of school, this contention is not well founded.

The attitude of many ancient Greeks toward the taxation of income may be seen in an anecdote from the *Ath. Pol.* XVI, 6. The tyrant Peisistratus, who *did* institute a tax of 10 per cent on the produce of all land, once saw a farmer ploughing a rocky field on Mt. Hymettus. On being asked what the land produced, the farmer replied, "Aches and pains, and Peisistratus ought to get his 10 per cent of them!" Peisistratus prudently declared the land tax-exempt on the spot.

Paul Windels III
New York, N.Y.

Erratum

In the October 3 "Lawmakers," Representative Elliott Levitas is incorrectly identified as being from California. He is from Georgia.

—ED.

'Rights' and Wrongs

It is not clear to me, even after several readings, what point was being made in the July 25 editorial "Who May Speak (For Israel)?" except that the writer is offended by Menahem Begin's self-righteousness. But one sentence was truly appalling: "Put aside, for the moment, that the Palestinian people have rights which cannot fairly be denied (and indeed are only *being* denied by Menahem Begin and his extremist allies) . . ."

I thought *NR* knew better than to absorb the clichés of the enemy. The notion that the plight of the Palestinian people (to the degree that they can be called a distinct people) is caused by Israel is a lie cultivated by the Soviet Union and the Arabs. It becomes tiresome to have to repeat Middle East history so often but (sigh) let us remember that a) the territory now under dispute was in Arab hands until 1967 and b) it was their Arab brethren who first put the Palestinian refugees into camps; c) pre-1967 nobody had ever heard of the "Palestinian people," nor was there any talk of a Palestinian state on the West Bank or anywhere else in the Arab world; d) in 1948 almost exactly the same number of Jewish refugees fled the Arab states (about half a million) as Arabs fled Israel, but Israel handled *its* immigrants rather differently from the way the Arabs handled theirs; e) the only sovereign states ever to exist in the land of Palestine or Israel throughout recorded history have been Jewish; all the rest were foreign absentee landlords.

What then are the "rights" of the Palestinians, and who is denying them? *NR's* editorial ignores another fact of Middle East life (most recently adumbrated by Joseph Shattan in *The American Spectator*): namely that nobody except perhaps Zbigniew Brzezinski and the Soviet Politburo actually wants a PLO state.

The plight of the Palestinians is unfortunate—though as refugee plights go, they certainly have it all over the Indochinese boat-people, or Indian Muslims circa 1948, or millions of others—but when we start to talk about their "rights" we must take care not to slide into UN-speak.

Mona Charen
New York, N.Y.

I do not see how the Palestinians' bad treatment at the hands of other Arabs justifies maltreatment by the Israelis. Inasmuch as the state of Israel to a large degree owes its existence to the generous support of other countries, it ill behooves it to dismiss the territorial claims of this partic-

ular group so cavalierly. It is a fact too that, pre-1867, there was no talk of a Jewish state on the West Bank, or anywhere in the Arab world. —CW

Discrepancies

In your September 5 issue, there is a disparity between the blurb on the table of contents for Leopold Tyrmand's article ["Toying with the Cultural Messages"] and his actual statements.

Mr. Tyrmand writes of young Brenda Spencer killing two and wounding nine in the schoolyard, while the table of contents lists the death count as nine and presumes that they were all "strangers," whereas, in fact, the author makes no such assertion.

Is NATIONAL REVIEW descending into sensationalism? At any rate, it's a pleasure to see Leopold Tyrmand descending into NATIONAL REVIEW.

Keith Bower
New York, N.Y.

Record Holder

As a NATIONAL REVIEW reader and POW in Hanoi may I correct your item in the September 19 "For the Record" on Jeremiah Denton. Jerry did *not* spend more time than anyone else in a POW camp. That dubious distinction belongs to Everett Alvarez Jr., who was bagged on August 5, 1964 and released February 12, 1973. Jerry Denton went down July 18, 1965 and was also released on February 12, 1973. Army Captain Floyd Thompson went down on March 26, 1964 and is really, within the borders of Vietnam, the POW with the greatest seniority. There are 13 other airmen who were imprisoned for longer periods in Vietnam than Jerry and one unfortunate who was to follow Denton to prison some six days later *but* had already savored prison fare in Germany in WWII. His name: "Pop" Keirn.

Vietnam POWs are a tightly knit group. We've spent a lot of time with one another discussing a large number of subjects. Our position in order of shootdown was one, and we know where we stand!

Good luck to Jerry. I hope he knows what he's getting into.

Hervey S. Stockman
Albuquerque, N.M.

Lead Balloon

John Simon may be a savant of film, but his knowledge of both the armed services and aviation is deficient. In his review of *The Great Santini* [Sept. 5], he says that Robert Duvall "does not convey a man who belongs to the . . . aristocratic warrior caste, . . . [instead] we get a scrappy plebeian in aspect, accent, and demeanor." As an officer who is the son of one and the grandson of another, let me reassure all concerned that American officers, like American troops, are as diverse an aggregation as one can find. And even if there were a C. Wright Mills-style elite, who

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What are our real energy needs? How much will it cost to meet them, and what are the critical options we face? What are the true risks of nuclear energy? Of coal? Is solar energy a workable alternative? Nobel Prize-winning physicist Hans Bethe, recognized as the world's leading authority on energy, draws on a life-long study of energy issues to answer these and other questions, in this profile which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

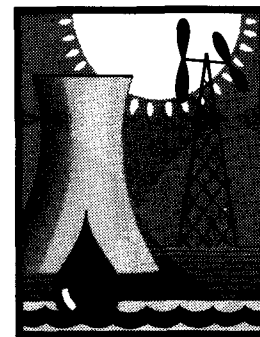
"This book should contribute significantly to the nation's understanding of the technological problems—and opportunities—inherent in producing the various energy alternatives. Excellent and lucid, it presents insightful information on today's nuclear technology—and on reactor safety—specifically in response to the anti-nuclear publicity that has surrounded the mishaps at Three-Mile Island and Brown's Ferry."

—John C. Sawhill, U.S. Deputy Secretary,
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HANS BETHE: PROPHET OF ENERGY

Jeremy Bernstein

Author of *Einstein* and *Experiencing Science*



The Persian Gulf: a trenchant critic questions the official answers.

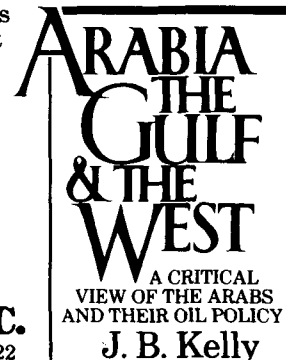
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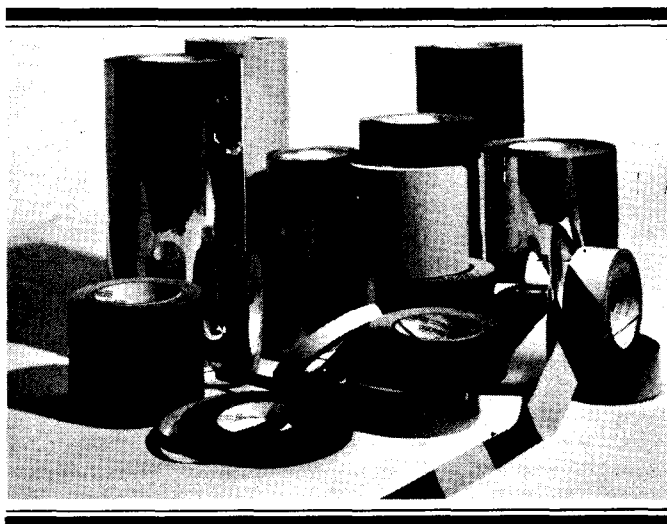
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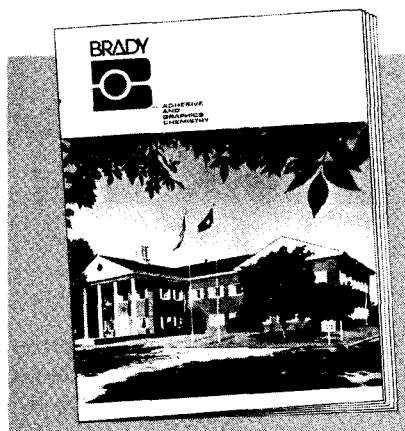


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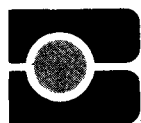
For example, Brady's Technicote Division takes foil, film, paper, cloth, and other materials and treats them with chemicals and coatings and then applies adhesives to them. OEM customers for this service may possibly make an end product for these materials that could be very much like one produced by another Brady division which also buys the identical base materials from Technicote. Risky? Sure it is. But risk is what freedom is all about.



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says bluebloods can't be scrappy? Don't forget General George Patton.

Equally puzzling is Simon's disdain ("arrant nonsense") for the hero's death as he flies his burning plane safely clear of Beaufort. Assuming an airspeed of 600 mph (very optimistic given a dying engine), it takes six seconds to move one mile. That's fast, but remember that DC-8 that ran out of gas over Portland: merely being airborne and moving doesn't guarantee anybody anything. Enough aircrews choose to "ride it in," rather than hit a city or a hamlet or a school, to both renew one's faith in humanity and dismiss Simon's uninformed comment.

*Captain David L. Stringer, USAF
Arlington, Va.*

Amen

D. Keith Mano is still my idol, despite his "God in Radioland" [Oct. 3], which brushed aside the variety of excellent daytime religious radio programs on WWDJ—programs that plant strength in the deep silence of suffering hearts. Concentrating on a few nighttime surreptitious soul-savers who slip past us gave the column its bite and zing and I do mean zing (a black worship service is not like a novena).

Let me also add that keeping a radio station solvent isn't easy. Say Amen, somebody! (Thank you, Mr. Buckley.) Speaking of religion, if writers were canonized for wit, intelligence, and creativity we'd all be wearing St. Mano medals. What a superb writer!

*Joe La Zizza
Program Director, WWDJ-AM
Hackensack, N.J.*

Synicism

Your comment on the sabotage of South Africa's synthetic fuel installations ["The Week," June 27] should have pointed out that the group which claimed responsibility, the African National Congress (ANC), is closely linked with the Soviet Union. In the British journal *Conflict Studies* (December 1974) the aftermath of the Communist takeover of the ANC, which was originally moderate, was described as follows by Dr. Peter Janke: "The stricter ideological control which was introduced did not at first go down well with the Africans; a number deserted the ANC in 1969 because of the lack of free discussion. The Soviet line prevailed, however; and the ANC leader, Oliver Tambo, headed delegations to Moscow in April 1970 and December 1971."

Tambo made revealing statements in the December 1975 issue of *World Marxist Review* (the North American edition of the periodical *Problems of Peace and Socialism*, published in Czechoslovakia). There had been an "overemphasis at certain times on the struggle against apartheid," Tambo argued, and perhaps partly for this reason "some people are still inclined to

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. Title of publication: **NATIONAL REVIEW.**

2. Date of filing: October 6, 1980.

3. Frequency of issue: Bi-weekly.

3A. No. of issues published annually: 26.

3B. Annual subscription price: \$24.00.

4. Location of known office of publication: 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

5. Location of the headquarters or general business office of the publishers: 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: William A. Rusher, 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016; Editor: William F. Buckley Jr., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016; Managing Editor: Priscilla L. Buckley, 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other incorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual, must be given.): National Review, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016; William F. Buckley Jr., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016; Priscilla L. Buckley, 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.

10. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average No. copies of each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
a) Total no. copies printed:	96,787	99,400
b) 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales:	1,750	1,832
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d) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	2,568	3,412
e) Total distribution (sum of c and d):	92,271	95,090
f) 1. Office use, left over unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	2,598	2,342
2. Returns from news agents:	1,918	1,968
g) Total (sum of e and f—should equal net press run shown in a):	96,787	99,400

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (signed) James P. McFadden.

think that the struggle of the black population is a struggle for civil rights." Instead of mere civil rights (such as full voting rights for blacks), the ANC's objective—said Tambo—is to "mobilize the masses" for a "seizure of power."

In their book *South Africa: War, Revolution, or Peace?* (Hoover Institution, Stanford University, 1978), Lewis H. Gann and Peter Duignan point out that the ANC has become "indistinguishable in outlook" from the Moscow-line South African Communist Party.

The Soviet Union, moreover, is known to have played a role in training ANC personnel, with emphasis on techniques of underground organization. The sabotage in South Africa can probably be blamed in part on the ubiquitous KGB.

Kenneth H. W. Hilborn
London, Ont.

Court Labor

Robert D. Novak ["Reagan's New Coalition," Aug. 22] quite reasonably suggests that the Republicans would have to give up their opposition to the union bosses and their championship of the "right to work" if organized labor is expected to swell Republican ranks. Novak did not go far enough in pursuing the logical consequences of this type of reasoning. With the same logic he could have argued that, if the GOP gave up its opposition to homosexuality in public life, it could recruit the Gay Liberation Front, and if it espoused the cause of ERA, Gloria Steinem might become a Reagan campaign worker.

But if that happened, where could the people go who are really committed to Republican principles? After all, Republican opposition to the antics of the big labor bosses is not a mere ritual gesture which, for tactical purposes, can be omitted. It is, instead, based on commitment to voluntarism and free choice as well as an analysis of the economic plight of our country—a plight not unrelated to the monopolistic powers vested in organized labor.

By all means, let Reagan recruit the blue-collar workers! But let him do so in full awareness of the fact that only a minority of this country's working population—a decreasing minority at that—is, in fact, organized. Let him do so by convincing the workers that their own best interests are served by a free economy, and not by the compulsory unionism and the big labor lobby which are the natural allies of the present Administration and determine its policies.

The last thing the GOP needs is a tactical "me-too-ism" which offers the blue-collar workers "more of the same," and which obliterates the fundamental distinctions in economic vision and policy between the two contending political parties.

Jakob J. Petuchowski
Cincinnati, Ohio

Two Odysseys

Twice you have quoted from *The Odyssey of the Self-Centered Self* by Dean Elliot Fitch. Both quotes piqued my interest, so for years I've been trying to find it. I've been told it is out of print. If any of your readers has a copy he would be willing to sell, I would be grateful if he would contact me.

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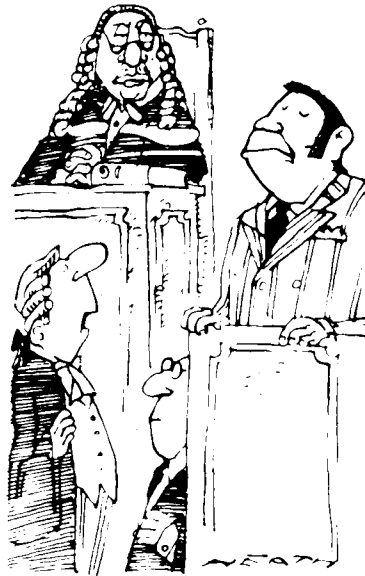
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FOR THE RECORD

■ It could all come down to the weather. Gallup poll says if all registered voters turn out, presidential race is "virtual dead heat": 43 per cent for **Carter**; 42 per cent for **Reagan**; 10 per cent for **Anderson**. But Reagan leads among likely voters, with 45 per cent of the vote, as opposed to 42 per cent for Carter and 8 per cent for Anderson. . . . Carter strategists believe their man—dubbed **Jimmy the Mean** by *Newsweek*—can pull it off. "Meanness isn't a voting issue," a Carter staffer says. "War is." . . . John Anderson is getting testier over Carterites' frequent invitations to him to withdraw. Anderson on Jimmy the Mean: "His campaign tactics are often described as 'hardball.' That's too generous a description in my opinion. There's a **code of conduct**, even in hardball." And: "I wish he would open up that heavy Bible that he so ostentatiously carries on Sunday as he goes to the classrooms of the Baptist Church." . . . The **Lucey Difference**: Anderson running-mate Patrick J. Lucey has hurt Anderson ticket in Wisconsin, Lucey's home state. "A lot of people [in Wisconsin]," says Anderson official there, "had trouble adjusting to him as a national figure." GOP officials are confident of Reagan in state. . . . Endorsement of Reagan by Sen. **Harry F. Byrd Jr.** (Ind., Va.) will greatly boost Reagan with Virginia's undecideds. The endorsement broke a family tradition of "golden silence" dating back to Byrd's father, Sen. **Harry F. Byrd Sr.**, who began it in 1952 with refusal to endorse **Adlai Stevenson**. . . . Reagan endorsement by **National Maritime Union** came as embarrassing surprise to union president **Shannon J. Wall**, who had, a month earlier, written an endorsement of Carter in union newspaper. Union rank-and-file didn't heed their boss, and voted overwhelmingly to back Reagan. Among Wall's published gripes



Heath, *Punch*

Rothco

"My client only took to crime because he wished to write a book about himself and become a respected member of society."

against Reagan: his knack for going over the heads of union bosses to reach rank-and-file.

■ Many House Democrats are running scared, including such bigwigs as Majority Leader **Jim Wright** (Tex.), Majority Whip **John Brademas** (Ind.), **Morris Udall** (Ariz.). . . . **Richard Huff**, a conservative Tucson realtor, is giving Udall toughest race of his career. . . . In Texas, Wright is given edge over Republican **Jim Bradshaw**. Bradshaw is popular with business community, but businessmen also like Wright's clout in Washington. . . . In Indiana, Republicans are saying Brademas "always runs on his record, and his record has finally caught up with him," in the person of **John P. Hiler**, 27-year-old businessman given a good shot of knocking

off third-highest Democrat in House. . . . Campaign '80 will cost \$450 million for federal races alone—more than half again as much as \$290 million spent in 1976. Contrary to Carter/Mondale complaints that Reagan/Bush team has unfair edge in independent committee support, the two major party slates will each spend about \$55 million when Democratic labor support is added, says **Herbert E. Alexander**, election finance expert at University of Southern California.

■ **Fidel Castro** can't vote for Carter, but he's doing what he can to get him re-elected. That's thought to be Castro's reason for pardoning all Americans in Cuban jails. While Castro has praised Carter in past, real reason for his actions is believed to be fear of Reagan, who has vowed to take action against Latin American terrorism. . . . In a statement released by **Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies**, four giants of Soviet dissidence—**Vladimir Bukovsky**, **Edward Kuznetsov**, **Petro Grigorenko**, and **Vladimir Maksimov**—have called on all candidates to take a "hard line" toward the Soviet Union. Speaking on behalf of **Soviet Movement for the Defense of Human Rights**, the four urged candidates to express full support for Soviet dissidents now being persecuted and to support four fundamentals of Soviet human rights movement: national liberation, religious freedom, civil rights, and free trade unions.

■ **Clearing the Air**: When accused of calling his opponent—**Carey Peck**, son of actor **Gregory**—a "sick, pompous little ass," Representative **Robert K. Dornan** set record straight: "Why would I call him sick? He's obviously a tall, healthy guy. What I said was that he is a *sycophant* and a pompous little ass."

THE WEEK

■ Explaining his personal attacks on Mr. Reagan, the President said he got "carried away on a couple of occasions." A lot of people think he ought to be, on every occasion.

■ The National Commission on Unemployment Compensation, headed by former HEW Secretary Wilbur Cohen, wants to raise the unemployment rate. The Commission recommended increasing unemployment benefits, indexing them to inflation, and removing them from the federal budget so they can't ever be cut. To pay for all of this induced unemployment, the Commission wants a bigger employment tax on employers—just the thing to cause some real unemployment to go along with its proposal to make leisure free. After the Commission gets through extending coverage to babysitters who earn \$200 a year, illegal aliens, and professional athletes during the off-season period, there won't be anyone left working except the bureaucrats measuring the astronomical unemployment rate.

■ The Massachusetts legislature, under pressure from an outraged citizenry, finally caved in and permitted the lawful petition to be recognized: and so in November Massachusetts voters will have a chance to vote on a tax-limiting measure along the lines already traveled by a dozen other states. Since July there has been, in Massachusetts, taxation without representation. Now the voters will decide whether there should be taxation without limitation.

■ If Congress ever passes a law making it a crime to disclose the identities of "covert" intelligence agents, some of the credit will have to go to Louis Wolf, editor of the rabidly anti-intelligence *Covert Action Information Bulletin*. On July 2 Wolf held a press conference in Jamaica during which he disclosed the names of 15 alleged CIA agents operating in Jamaica. Wolf provided their home addresses and telephone numbers, as well as descriptions of the automobiles the "agents" drove. Less than 48 hours later terrorists attacked the Jamaica home of N. Richard Kinsman, first secretary of the U.S. Embassy in Jamaica, one of those fingered by Wolf. Nobody was home when the attack occurred—2:30 A.M. on July 4—but the sound of the bullets and hand grenades was heard as far away as Washington, by the Senate Intelligence

Committee. On July 30, the Committee unanimously approved a bill making it a crime to disclose the names of covert intelligence agents. Committee member Senator John Chafee is so outraged at Wolf's activities that he has declared that he wants to "put him away." The House Intelligence Committee has approved a similar bill.

■ The good news about Senator Gary Hart (D., Colo.), as we indicated in our September 19 issue, is that for the last six years he "has been doing some of the best thinking around on the military aspects of national survival." The bad news is that the Senator hasn't allowed his thinking to interfere with his voting patterns. On every index of ideological tropism available, Hart winds up on The Wrong Side. ADA rates him at 90 per cent, and the ACA, tallying only defense-related votes, gives Hart a 10 per cent rating (ACA's overall rating for Hart is 4 per cent). Hart, who is up for re-election this year, has mastered running Right and swinging Left. Come January, he may be relieved to know that the Army is still looking for a few good men.

■ The Clamshell Alliance has disbanded—disappeared, in fact. One version holds the movement split over a strategic argument—hardliners urging a physical occupation of the Seabrook plant, "moderates" preferring to drum up public support for closing it. Another version blames the impending possibility of having to pay for their opinions—specifically, a \$176,000 damage suit to recover the costs incurred by New Hampshire taxpayers after the last Seabrook demonstration. No problem, it's only money. And when your utility bill goes up because a nuclear power plant has been canceled, repeat the same argument. Congratulations to

Mrs. Thatcher at Brighton

With interest rates above her knees
And passengers imploring, *Please*,
She stares down minister and don
And to her helmsman says, "Sail on."

Though Wedgwood's knuckled to the rail
And even Rolls would lower sail,
She holds a service for those gone
And resolutely says, "Sail on."

To those who, in the bilges, yearn
For socialism far astern,
She simply puts her oilskins on
And, like Columbus, says, "Sail on."

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

We have, these past six months, been fascinated by John B. Anderson, for reasons altogether different from those that recommend him so persuasively to the Volvo set. You see, we knew him, as Oscar Levant once said of Doris Day, before he became a virgin. We knew him as a pompous fellow from the boondocks who learned to make himself heard . . . by shouting at people. He shouted about deficits and big spenders and environmental crazies and all the other good grey Republican demons. Shouting, always shouting, in the manner of an American industrialist trying to make himself clear to a bunch of uncomprehending Parisian bumpkins. It would be less than objective to say that he was boring. He was *impossible*. One could imagine him delivering a breakfast table lecture to his children on the eight different kinds of tooth decay and how he had managed, after studying dental hygiene at night school, to defeat each and every one of them in his own mouth—*right here, in the back, I introduced a five-point program against plaque* . . .

Then of a sudden, that slow-news day last winter, some media pixie returned to the office from a luncheon of controlled substances and conceived what became known as the Anderson for President campaign. At first, indeed for many months, the campaign was ideologically hermaphroditic. There were senior people (one avoids the phrase, high officials) around Anderson who contend that The Option was preserved until Labor Day; that is to say, that Anderson had been tap-dancing his way

into our hearts for almost a year before the media demanded that he face up to the first political question: would he choose to run to the left or to the right? Driven from the Republican Party by an uninterrupted series of primary losses, Anderson went along with the media game and shuffled off to the left, ridiculing the positions he had taken in the well of the House. He now finds laughable—ha, ha, ha, as Tom Snyder might put it—those top-of-the-lungs speeches he made for twenty years. At least he and his former friends in the House agree on something. (One pauses to acknowledge a differing opinion. With reference to the Anthony Lewis Standard of Weights and Measures, one actually grows in office when one moves right to left. Movement in the opposite direction, as is well known, is accompanied by physical breakdown, severe loss of IQ, and bad breath. This has been a year of extraordinary growth for Anderson. He's become, well, different.)

With the practical joke well launched last winter, time weighed heavily on the idle hands of summer. The media pixies busied themselves with Sunday take-outs on constitutional impasses, Electoral College vote-dealing, and even "scenarios" in which John Anderson would throw the election into the House and vault to power on the springboard of his colleagues' respect and affection. Some of us pecked away at this notion, but there is just no denying a media idea whose time has not yet come. It absorbs ink, therefore it is.

What most attracted the pixies to the Anderson banner was the stark implausibility of it all. Here was a man with no party, no ideology, no name-

recognition, no political base, no issue, and—to make him the perfect test-vehicle for the media track—no sense of humor. The Anderson Difference. One could rely on John Anderson not to let anybody in on the joke. (In groping for a literary analogy, the best we can come up with is a best-selling book of a few seasons ago, called *Naked Came the Stranger*. It was a sex novel conceived and executed in the news room of a New York newspaper, with each of twenty reporters batting out a chapter. They then hired a sweet, photogenic young thing to pose as the author and schlep the book around to talk shows. The gag was good, but, toward the end, nobody was laughing very much.)

As evidence of how seriously the media pixies were taking their own creation, notice if you will that it was not until October that any national newsperson bothered to ask Anderson about his health. (It turns out that he has a history of heart trouble, a problem serious enough to disqualify him as a major-party candidate.) And it wasn't until the second week in October that any of the pollsters bothered to ask the only important psephological question: what impact will the Anderson fade have on the two major candidates? It has been an article of faith in supermedia campaign coverage that, as Carter has postulated, a vote for Anderson is a vote for Reagan. New polling data from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Michigan suggest that the situation is much more complex and that in those states the slippage from Anderson has correlated closely with the growth of Reagan's support. On November 4, we'll see who gets the last laugh. —CATO

the Clams on a fine bag job (as in, *left holding the*).

■ About 350 people have died in political gang warfare in Jamaica this year, and that was only as of mid-September. In one memorable week, 27 were killed in Kingston alone. It seems like arbitrary chaos—urban hoodlums, nominally attached to the two major parties, shooting each other up for the hell of it. Their weapons tell a different story—American Army issue, according to the *Daily Telegraph* (London), captured in Vietnam and shipped to Castro, who passes them on in exchange for dollars generated by the Jamaican pot trade. Who benefits? The hard-liners in Michael Manley's ruling People's National Party, who want

the upcoming elections canceled by a state of emergency. And who else, but their friendly arms dealer to the north?

■ Aleksandr Kruglov is back in the USSR. On September 15 the Soviet soldier burst into the U.S. Embassy in Afghanistan and sought asylum. The U.S. gave him his wish, along with some brave words. "We are not intending to return him," said a State Department spokesman, who added that if the Soviets and Afghans refuse to allow him to leave the country, he could stay in the U.S. Embassy indefinitely. Six days later, the first four of which Kruglov spent unable to talk to anybody, since no one on the staff spoke

Harold Brown on the Stump

Our soldiers are ready; the Navy's all set.
Marines have a readiness mania.
The Air Force will conquer with minimum sweat,
And I am Marie of Rumania.

W. H. VON DREELE

Russian, he "voluntarily" decided to return to the USSR after meeting with the Soviet ambassador to Afghanistan, who reportedly promised no retaliation. We'll never know whether the Soviets will keep their promise, but if it's any consolation, before Kruglov left the Kabul Embassy he was given the private number of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow.

■ Oh, by the way, Anatoly Shcharansky is in a prison hospital after falling and knocking himself out. He is suffering back and stomach pains. He now weighs about ninety pounds. He has completed his three-year prison term, and when and if he recovers he will begin his ten years at hard labor.

■ A certain Mr. Digweed, lately deceased, left £20,000, his entire estate, in the hands of the Public Trustee in Plymouth, England, until the Second Coming of Our Lord, at which time, according to the bequest, that sum shall be paid to Himself. Mr. John Boland, the current Public Trustee, reports that his office has encountered some difficulty in handling the claims of the many hundreds of people who have presented themselves as the legitimate heirs. You will have noticed JC's distraction last week?

■ Mr. Carter promises to be very very good now, and says he'll try "to be sure that we do not have a lowering of the tone of the campaign." Whether it's possible for him to lower the tone of the campaign at this point is far from clear.

■ It is reliably reported that in Philadelphia, the TV show *To Tell the Truth* was pre-empted for an interview with President Carter.

■ Representative Myers becomes the first person to be kicked out of the House of Representatives since the Civil War, which says at least as much about the standards of the House of Representatives as about Mr. Myers.

■ Two economists at Texas A&M have been using laboratory rats for experiments in economic behavior. And what do you know—even rats respond to the rules of the free market. For instance, in controlled

experiments, the rats decide how much to work at various pay scales, and take more time off when wages are high. They also make consumption decisions that depend on their income and on commodity prices. All of this is flawless free-market behavior. But when the researchers simulated government meddling, with "welfare" payments to the rats, their behavior became erratic and inequality of income increased—precisely the opposite of socialist theory. We'll bet this is the first time the socialists have refused to believe findings based on laboratory rats.

■ Mr. Carter has sent presidential greetings to Mr. Edward Colerich on the occasion of his one-hundredth birthday, and many happy returns. Trouble is, Mr. Colerich is a Republican, is not having a birthday, and is only 74 anyway. "That's about average for Carter," he snorted.

Campaign Watch

I. October Jitters

With Reagan's lead in the polls hovering at a mere five points, with Illinois, Texas, and other key states considered very close, with John Anderson fading, political professionals have begun to express strong private criticism of the Reagan campaign strategy.

Since Labor Day, for example, very little has been heard about a major tax cut that would stimulate the economy and create jobs. Such an optimistic jobs-oriented theme helped give Reagan momentum with blue-collar voters, and promised to make this campaign rather different from the usual Republican effort. Instead Reagan has been stressing the orthodox budget-balancing and government-trimming themes—Scrooge economics from Snoresville—with which the Republicans have been routinely losing elections ever since 1932.

Or consider the following amazing circumstance. During a long and successful political career, Reagan has repeatedly shown himself to be a master of the TV medium. He has never lost a debate on TV, and he has taken on some of the best in the business. Therefore the decision not to debate Carter—who is easy to distinguish from Demosthenes—remains inexplicable. Reagan could hardly "lose" in a debate with Carter; he is perfectly capable of making his case. One can only conclude that Reagan's cautious strategists underestimate their own candidate, a most peculiar state of affairs. If you have a racehorse, the sensible thing is to let him run.

Peter Dailey's TV spots have been bland, many of them focusing on Reagan's California governorship.

The voters' interest in what Reagan did in Sacramento is sated. What they need to hear is some reason to be hopeful about what he would do in Washington.

A famous World War II cartoon depicts two U.S. sailors, both dirty and unkempt, sitting in a sloppy-looking ship. One sailor says to the other: "Just think how bad the Japs must be if we're winning." We don't pretend to know the whole story—Reagan's associates are brilliant and dedicated men. But too much programming doesn't fit Reagan.

II. The Great War Scare

Since we last went to press, Jimmy Carter has picked up the support of Fidel Castro, who released some American citizens from jail, and from Leonid Brezhnev, who sent his regards via Armand "Old Faithful" Hammer. All that remains in that department of the campaign is for the Ayatollah to lift up his skirts and climb aboard. But the Carter campaign is placing its biggest chips on the "warmonger" charge.

After that astonishing week in which Carter himself instructed us that Reagan, after blowing up the world, would provoke Gentile against Jew, black against white, and the Boy Scouts against the Campfire Girls, the resulting coast-to-coast howl of criticism forced Carter to apologize, sort of, and, employing a large derrick, Carter's handlers lifted him up out of the low road—back into which, however, he will inevitably slip, character being destiny. His surrogates meanwhile took over—Secretary Muskie, for example, bringing luster to his office by informing a Notre Dame audience that Reagan would fight wars all over the world.

The real "war" issue, of course, is not addressed by such condescending bombast.

All experience indicates that vagueness and ambiguity are far more likely to lead to war than firmness and clarity. The evidence suggests that the Soviets were genuinely surprised by Carter's reaction to their invasion of Afghanistan, as they had every reason to be. He had swallowed every outrage they had served up, from the Horn of Africa to the brigade in Cuba. He had scorned the "inordinate fear of Communism." What possible reason did Brezhnev and his fellow plotters have to believe that the Afghanistan caper would bring down on their heads a number of unpleasant retaliatory measures? They had no reason to believe it at all.

It is just that sort of vagueness and unpredictability that can lead to even more serious Soviet miscalculation. The Soviets desire to pursue their goals by means short of a major war; but to do so, they have to know where they stand in a given situation. That is the real indictment of Carter's management; and that is the real "war" issue.

The Case of Secretary Brown

After noting the decline of U.S. armed strength "well beyond the limits of tolerable risk," Edward N. Luttwak, in *Commentary*, aptly adds that "it is only the grossly ill-informed, the self-deceived, or the willfully deceiving who still argue the point." Where among those categories does Secretary of Defense Harold Brown belong? The question is prompted by the Secretary's cheery assessments this campaign autumn.

Brown is an eminent scientific achiever—miscast in his job like an able acoustician put in supreme charge of an opera company. His grasp is pertinent but insufficient. He is knowledgeable in his way, but the big picture eludes him. As a Cabinet-level functionary—an opinionated one, moreover—he could hardly be other than positive about what he is doing, just as Edmund Muskie must be upbeat about affairs of State or John Mitchell in his time was reassuring about goings-on at Justice.

In that light, Brown deserves high marks for his performance in Texas the other day—particularly for his nicety about words. Brown asserted the armed forces' readiness to go to war if called upon. Well, that airborne task force a while back was ready to go to the Iranian desert. The rub was what happened when it got there. The core question about U.S. military readiness concerns power to persevere and to prevail in hostilities. Brown reported the acquisition of one hundred new tactical aircraft in a year's time. True. The trouble with the number is that it was only half enough to offset the number of obsolete aircraft—a detail Brown omitted. Brown also mentioned a rise in capabilities for supporting forces in hypothetical combat. Well, there have been dribbles of gain in certain instrumentalities but nothing much overall. Were recruits in training up to satisfactory standards? The Secretary's question, put to a drill master, drew a negative answer. Shifting at once to another sergeant, the Secretary drew the testimonial he wanted. Quick thinking—by both the interrogator and the second witness. Back in Washington, the Secretary was written up for issuing a directive to the Army to hold back a discouraging readiness report and concoct something comforting in its place. A denial issued forthwith by the Secretary's office was technically correct. The Secretary had only requested—not directed—a substitution of good news for bad.

Back to the category question. Secretary Brown's verbal fastidiousness may help absolve him of willful deception. Besides, willful deception requires knowledge of what one is talking about—something not altogether clear in this instance. Is the Secretary, then, ill-informed or self-deceived? One would have to be able to look into his mind to say.

Basics about the Persian Gulf

The Iraqi onslaught has come up short of immediate definitive victory, and Iran—thanks to the remnants of capabilities built up with U.S. help in the Shah's time—has rallied in a measure from initial reverses. Aid from abroad is trickling in to both sides, but as yet not in quantities likely to make a determinative difference. As for the utility of such assistance, Iran and Iraq are in different situations. Calibers of Soviet tubes slightly exceed those of U.S. counterparts. U.S. ammunition is usable in Soviet-made guns, but not vice versa. Thus Iraq, which relies mainly on Soviet-produced equipment, is in better position than Iran to shop around for replenishments. The long-run effect of that difference is a matter for conjecture.

Meanwhile, certain basics of the situation bear mentioning. The launching of hostilities was Iraq's doing. The alleged *casus belli*—to wit, the Ayatollah Khomeini's vituperations and maledictions—scarcely constituted justification for launching an attack over a border. Other things being equal, the United States would have ample reason for giving moral support to the side attacked and—in this particular case—supplying needed spare parts and releasing monetary assets, some \$8 billion, held in escrow. Other things are not equal, however—most immediately, Iran's retention of 53 U.S. public servants now in captivity for nearly a year. But even if the hostages were released tomorrow, the U.S. in all prudence must take into account the import of the entire region as a stake in the ongoing strategic competition between itself and the Soviet Union—a consideration our opponent is not in danger of forgetting.

The 25th Amendment

South Boston High School has begun its sixth year of judicially mandated integration. Twelve students were suspended and 25 sent home early after a series of small fights on the first of the month. The next day, 35 students battled in the school auditorium. One was arrested for carrying a knife, one went to the hospital with a broken jaw, and 13 other students and teachers were treated for minor injuries. Fifty policemen were needed to quell the riot. Black attendance is down by one-third, white attendance is down by 90 per cent. An anti-busing group has demanded that metal detectors (first used after a stabbing in 1974) be re-installed at the school's entrance. The principal says no, "that would be a signal that we don't trust the students."

Forget the students, it's time to stop trusting the courts. It is by now plain that no wisdom, no shame,

no exegeses of the Fourteenth Amendment, will persuade them to abandon the ideology of coerced integration. The courts' views on education are these: students come in two colors, black and white; wherever possible, they must be blended into a kind of taupe; nothing else that may be said of them or done to them is relevant—certainly not educating them; before this, all heads must bow.

Senator Orrin Hatch has proposed a remedy, elegant in its simplicity. If duly ratified, it will become the 25th Amendment. Its key clause holds: "Neither the United States nor any state shall make or enforce a law which makes distinctions on account of race, color, or national origin." Amendments should not be passed for what Jefferson called light or transient causes. But the social and constitutional mess created by grotesque extensions of affirmative action—of which busing is only an aspect—is grave and enduring. Hatch's solution, given the courts' stubbornness, is the only one left.

The Bauman Case

Robert Bauman of Maryland has long been one of the House's—and the nation's—most able and effective conservative leaders. (See "On the Right," p. 1349.) The conservative community is deeply pained by the news that he solicited sexual favors from a 16-year-old boy. He has expressed his penitence and his resolve to undertake a rehabilitation program.

Even so, one can't overlook one circumstance: that in his habitual evenings with vice he must have realized not only that he was doing wrong, but that he was gambling with the prestige of the conservative movement. All his political allies are victims of an act some might choose to call victimless.

If Bob Bauman couldn't bring himself to kick the habit, he should have discreetly resigned the chairmanship of the American Conservative Union. No doubt it is unrealistic to suppose, in retrospect, that he might have done so when the risk of embarrassment to those nearer his heart must have been so much greater. But at this point it behooves the conservative movement to distance itself professionally from him.

The Left has crowed over Bauman in a manner as predictable as it is illogical. Colman McCarthy of the *Washington Post* seized the occasion to demand that the New Right dismantle itself. James Wechsler of the *New York Post* made a similar suggestion. Granted these two gentlemen will never hold chairs of logic at a major university (they seem happily oblivious to the parallel argument that if one prominent liberal is caught sending his children to an all-white private school, the cause of integration must be abandoned).

But their contagious confusion, however unfair, is one of the foreseeable effects of the scandal Bauman has created.

The problem remains: Bob Bauman is up for reelection. He should not serve another term, inasmuch as, on the floor of the House, he cannot act out a role merely as a technical representative of a Maryland constituency—he is a conservative spokesman forever, even as, forever, Richard Nixon is “Mr. President.” For the good of the causes he is indissolubly associated with he should retire. But party loyalty demands that he should not concede his seat to a Democrat, and it’s too late to withdraw from the race without doing just that. He should run for the purpose of holding his seat for the Republican Party, on the explicit understanding that he will step down, if he wins, to allow a new election.

Don’t Shoot the Easy Rider

“Our members prefer Ronald Reagan over Jimmy Carter by about the same margin that they favor Bambi over Idi Amin. . . . The final score [of our straw poll] was Aging Retired Actor 79, Befuddled Former Peanut Farmer 14. . . . Of the possible election-day matchups [earlier in the race] . . . here’s how they ran: Reagan led with a score of 79, followed by George Bush with 66, John Anderson with 50, Jimmy Carter with 14, and Teddy Kennedy with 10. . . . An interesting footnote to all of this is our poll’s finding that in a Carter-Reagan race 88 per cent of those responding would turn out to vote. That’s nearly twice the national average. . . .

“No, there is nothing new about citizens badmouthing their government. What *is* new of late is the trend toward government *by* the badmouthers. Hopelessly immersed in a monstrous regulatory swamp of their own making, members of Congress now make a habit of badmouthing their own work. . . . Incumbency itself may have changed from an advantage to a liability. The politicians themselves have told us that the bath water is filthy, and the American voters just may toss many of them out with it. . . .

“These four pivotal Senate races [Symms v. Church in Idaho, Quayle v. Bayh in Indiana, Abdnor v. McGovern in South Dakota, Gorton v. Magnuson in Washington] offer voters an excellent opportunity to make political choices on the basis of voting records rather than campaign rhetoric . . . the ‘freedom issues’ have swept to the forefront in the 1980 election, and indeed will decide the political fates of old-line Senate powerhouses Church, Bayh, Magnuson, and McGovern. In turn, the prospect of new leadership in the Senate brings hope that in the near future the freedom issues will once again be decided in favor

The Unthinkable

In Brooklyn, where the tree grew,
There’s something in the air:
Rabbis are pushing Reagan
Where heretofore they’d stare.
In Borough Park and Flatbush,
Bed-Stuy and Sheepshead Bay,
The telephones are jumping—
And here comes Judgment Day.

W. H. VON DREELE

of individual Americans at the expense of a faceless and stagnant system of federal excesses.”

The above comments appear in the November 1980 issue of the *American Motorcyclist*, the monthly journal of the American Motorcycle Association. Members of the Association who are of voting age are 29.6 per cent Democratic and 24.8 per cent Republican—and 80 per cent for Reagan. As the magazine says, “party politics are no longer a working mechanism.”

Next time you see a hippie on a bike, don’t shoot the easy rider, get the hell out of his way.

Iron Lady

There have probably been jollier Conservative Party conferences than the one that concluded in Brighton early this month. Unemployment was up, polls were down, and former Prime Minister Heath, rapping out his messages from the limbo of departed politicians, was assuring his party it wasn’t too late to perform a life-saving U-turn. Margaret Thatcher was not shaken. “You turn if you want to,” she told the assembled Tories. “The lady’s not for turning.”

A fine sentiment—somewhat finer, indeed, than the facts, for Mrs. Thatcher has been, if not turned, then at least slowed down. Two of her main goals on entering office—cutting taxes, and getting a bridle on public spending—have been only diffidently pursued. Sharp cuts in personal tax rates were offset by a sharp rise in the value-added tax, while last month the government admitted that it had consumed nearly 75 per cent of its expected borrowing for the whole fiscal year in only five months.

The temptation, not merely to continue to be cautious, but to give up altogether, will increase as the imbecility of the Labor Party becomes more obvious. Their annual conference in Blackpool stopped just short of a civil war between the social democrats—who know at least what a budget is, even if they are disinclined to balance one, and who distrust the colo-



nizers of Afghanistan—and the coalition of socialists, appeasers, and flat-out Communists which constitutes the Labor Left. Denis Healey, the party's probable leader over the next few years, will try to paper over this irreconcilable feud. Many a Conservative strategist will yearn to pre-empt him—to chuck monetarism, go back to the economics of what feels good this morning, and make a quick grab for non-rabid Laborites.

But it wasn't for this that Mrs. Thatcher ran, or (however inchoate their feelings) that the voters elected her. The lady will need all the iron with which she is credited.

Carnality and Carnage

In his review for *NR* a couple of issues ago, John Simon expresses his revulsion at a widely hailed film, *Dressed to Kill*. Unlike the majority of his colleagues, Mr. Simon finds its principal murder scene—in which Angie Dickinson is slashed to death in an elevator—"profoundly distasteful." He writes: "It is moral aphasia, and something uglier yet: the drawing out of murder into languorous, lascivious exploitation."

Dressed to Kill is only the most respectable and successful of a few dozen recent films whose theme is the graphic mutilation of human flesh, especially female flesh. The phenomenon is doubtless (though one can't prove it) related to the upsurge in sadistic pornography. Even in "soft" porn, so full of Hefneresque prattle about the beauty of the human body, the stress is less on beauty than on women as contemptible playthings in slavish contortions. Only a Hefner could confuse a Playmate of the Month with the Venus di Milo: it is something like the difference between sneering and worshipping.

Causal relations between porn and crime are hard to establish, but the correlations are there. And there is the little matter of taste which Mr. Simon raises. Bad taste, Stendahl said, leads to crime. We all know that a single insulting racial epithet won't produce a lynching. But we also know, intuitively, that cumulative expressions of contempt for other races produce an atmosphere in which lynching becomes more tolerable. The first step toward respecting others' rights is to respect their feelings. Can it be chance that an increasingly callous culture has been matched by a rising crime rate?

Sex and the Pope

The Pope has been making some statements which, with all due respect, sound funny. In one of his regular Wednesday discourses, which he devotes to sex and the family, the Pope opined that a man who looks at his wife with "lust" commits "adultery" in his heart. This evoked a storm of criticism and hilarity, including such headlines as "Pope Says You Can't Desire Your Wife." Feminists enjoyed making the point that the Pope had spoken only from a male point of view, etc.

No doubt some sense can be made of the Pope's statement—if, for example, one defines "lust" in a sufficiently dark and negative way. But is there a serious practical point in doing so? How many men, for example, are in the habit of escorting their wives to Plato's Retreat with the notion of treating them purely as sexual objects?

The whole business seems eccentric, a venture in triviality, to coin a phrase, and not very hospitable to the fact of human desire.

Meanwhile, also in Rome, 216 bishops were once

again tying themselves in knots over the birth-control issue. Archbishop John Quinn, speaking for the American delegation of bishops, asked for "understanding" for those who deviate from the teaching of *Humanae Vitae*. Cardinal Pericle Felici spoke for the intransigents, apparently a majority, when he said: "There is no need of rediscussing it, no need to pay attention to statistics, because statistics don't signify anything."

Maybe not, but Archbishop Quinn had some notable statistics nevertheless: 70 per cent of Catholic women in the United States ignore the birth-control teaching of *Humanae Vitae*, and only 29 per cent of American priests support it.

It may not be worth discussing the statistics, as Cardinal Felici says—but chiefly because not many people are paying attention to the discussion.

Milosz

Most Westerners probably think they would be pretty much the same people under Communism they are under a free government; that their inner life could remain substantially untouched by the requirements of outward conformity. That is because most Westerners have never read *The Captive Mind*, by Czeslaw Milosz, the most recent Nobel laureate for literature.

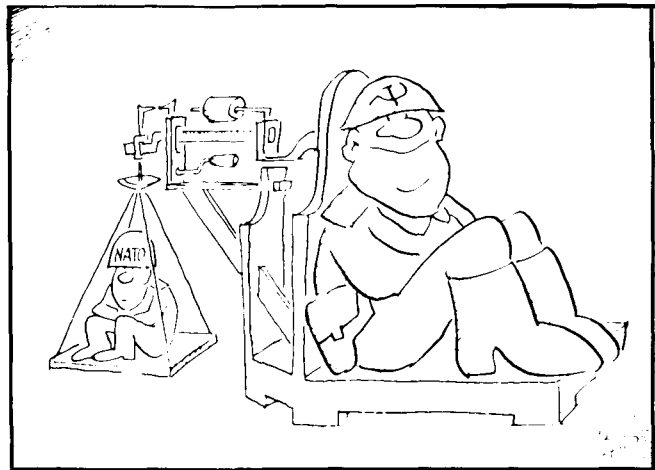
Milosz wrote the book around the time he fled his native Poland, in 1951. He brought to the Free World the frightening truth, subtly perceived and searingly expressed, that raw power eventually changes the way its subjects perceive, reason, imagine: it is only natural for human beings to abandon or avoid ideas they can't utter, apply, or make to bear fruit.

The Nobel may be as much curse as honor. Its common effect is to produce a giddy moment, followed by a long critical hangover. Writers like Eucken, Pontoppidan, and Sillanpää may be worthy enough, but who is tempted to find out? Milosz's fame may be likewise brief. But at least it is good to be reminded of his brilliant and urgent insights.

Katherine Anne Porter, R I P

The personality of Katherine Anne Porter was so vivid that it could distract from her truly splendid accomplishments as a literary artist. Though she was no longer young when I first came to know her, she was still strikingly beautiful. Her conversation was always spirited, full of good stories and sparkling with her observations on the people that she liked and those that she disliked.

She could sometimes be exasperating in her vigorously maintained opinions about politics, religion, and literature. In short, she was a woman who knew her



Bas, *Tachydromos*

Rothco

own mind about almost everything. (I must say that I am glad that she had her convictions, even the quirky ones.)

She had a gift for hospitality and an almost ingenuous love of possessions. Any house that she lived in became instantly Home, filled with important or trivial possessions, which she loved equally. An enthusiastic cook, she could turn a makeshift apartment into a warm and welcoming household. I remember her saying, "I've often been dead broke, but I've never been poor." Her talent for friendship was an abundant one.

Yet, beneath her animation and high spirits, one came to see that she was essentially a lonely woman, a passionate pilgrim who kept on searching for what she never was able to find. For most of her life she was a wanderer—even in the literal sense. Her search for a true resting-place carried her from her childhood home in Texas to New Orleans, Denver, New York City, Mexico, Berlin, Paris, Baton Rouge, upstate New York, Santa Monica, Virginia, Washington, and lastly to College Park, Maryland. I doubt that she ever found a true home.

One goal, however, that she sought, she did indeed attain—literary fame; and that achievement meant a great deal to her. Her best stories, both the long ones like "Noon Wine" and "Old Mortality," and the short ones like "The Grave" and "The Circus," years ago established themselves as classics of American fiction. One can apply the term "classic" in a still deeper sense in that they exhibit symmetry and proportion and an almost perfect management of tone. "Classic," however, must not be allowed to suggest that they are bloodless and dry. They are in fact full of passionate intensity, but the emotion is shaped and controlled and directed. It becomes a driving power in the story.

Katherine Anne Porter clearly put herself—her childhood, girlhood, womanhood—into her stories. "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" is manifestly the story of her first great love. (She has said that it is autobiograph-

ical.) But there is an art in putting oneself into a story and she proved herself the complete mistress of that art. She knew how to present a powerful emotion in perspective and to bring witty observation and plangent confession into harmonious interplay.

—CLEANTH BROOKS

Notes

Asides

■ Mr. Buckley:
Reagan is the mole.

Yr. servant,
Yog Sothoth
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Re: The happy lot of Richard Brookhiser

Our readers will be interested to know that Rick took unto himself a most lovely wife, Jeanne Safer, on September 12. She is (as you know) a practicing psychologist, with a PhD from the U. of Chicago, a wholly owned subsidiary of Milton Friedman. Dr. Safer will retain her maiden name professionally.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Perhaps you have heard this already from Billy Fullerton, but I wanted to be doubly sure you knew that your July 7 column about Billy was instrumental in clearing up the matter of payment for his eye operation.

The latest report I have is that his eye surgeon is not yet ready to perform the operation. When it is performed, however, the costs will be covered by VA.

You have my sincere thanks for bringing this matter to my attention.

Sincerely yours,
Max Cleland
Administrator, Veterans Administration
Washington, D.C.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am very pleased to renew my subscription to your erudite publication. The fluidity of your style, the depth of your reporting, and the sharpness of your wit give us, the tired, poor, huddled masses, yearning to be free from the People's Republic of Massachusetts, knowledge of the possibility of a better life. You give us hope for a congressional delegation free from the plague of Ted Kennedy and Tip O'Neill. We can envision a Republican Party freed from the control of

the likes of Messrs. Silvio Conte and Frank Sargent.

Our problems may be small compared to those of the valiant workers of Poland. My NATIONAL REVIEW does not, after all, arrive at my apartment via a government shredding machine. Nonetheless, the service you provide to those of us who are subjected daily to the only editorial page in America that is consistently more ludicrous than that of the *New York Times*—I speak of the *Boston Globe's*, of course—is invaluable.

In order that that service continue to reach my doorstep on alternate Thursdays, please be advised that I will be moving effective September 15, 1980. Please send all future mailings to:

MARK T. HALDANE
62 DARTMOUTH STREET
MEDFORD, MASS. 02115

Sincerely yours,
Mark T. Haldane

Dear Mr. Haldane: If necessary I'll deliver it myself.
Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Linda

As you'll recall, we sent out an emergency message to our readers last spring asking anyone who could spare them to send us copies of some magazines we needed to put together our Bound Volumes. Our readers came through nobly, sending us dozens within the first couple of weeks; but Ed Capano now informs me we're still short. We don't have all the office copies we need ourselves, and there are at least one or two people who had sent a deposit to whom we have not yet been able to send a Bound Volume.

If there is anyone out there who still has copies of the magazine he could spare, the issues we need are: the January 5, January 19, and February 16, 1979 magazines, and the May 4, 1979 Bulletin. We would be terribly grateful.

■ Dear Bill:

The visit to Brazil was, on balance, a great joy. I had no difficulty explaining your candidate's commitment to teaching creativism, to the reopening of the Vietnam War, and I was able to leave before he returned the South to the Ku Klux Klan. These developments fill me with a joy exceeded, as noted, only by the visit.

Yours faithfully,
John Kenneth Galbraith
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Ken: I assumed you had returned from Brazil on noting the cruzeiro had stabilized. Cordially, Bill

—WFB

The Current WISDOM



The Carter Census

NEAL B. FREEMAN

YOU ARE all familiar with the Chicago School of Political Science. That distinguished body of opinion holds that no American should be denied his civil rights on the basis of race, creed, color, or pulse rate. If a man has been a loyal American citizen throughout his life, it is maintained, there is no cause in justice to cut off his right to vote simply because some meddling bureaucrat has certified him deceased. Fair is fair.

Over the years the Chicago School has operated with singular efficiency. Its political favorites, John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson among them, have won startling come-from-behind victories. Its political opponents, those upon whom the School did not smile, have fallen victim to campaign blunders; in several cases, their strategists failed to allow for the possibility that voter turnout would exceed registration figures. Ah, those simple mistakes. Beginning in the mid-Sixties, however, after JFK and LBJ had pulled the ladder up after them, the Chicago School began to attract a bad press. Boy Scouts dressed up as editorial-page editors began to goo-goo them onto the defensive and, with the death of Richard Daley and the enervation of Carmine De Sapio, the Chicago School fell into disrepute and, with a few exceptions, desuetude.

The Count Begins

It may come as something of a surprise, then, to learn that the Chicago School is making a comeback this year. Not in the clubhouses of Cook County, you understand, or Tammany or Duval, not in the back rooms of spaghetti restaurants, not in the storefronts with metal desks, not behind the plateglass windows with the "Law Office—Insurance—Real Estate" lettering, but in the middle of the busiest street in town at high noon. In 1980, as in every decennial year since the founding of the Re-

public, the national Administration has discharged its constitutional duty to enumerate the citizenry. Now the real count begins.

We have written about the Census before and we conclude from the thundering silence that we were not addressing one of your white-hot concerns. Before you shove this issue all the way off your list—or down there, as John Roche might calibrate it, after your fear of being eaten by piranha fish—consider for a moment the stakes involved. The Census numbers are the very *premises* of the Eighties. When we arrive at the final figures, we agree to be bound by them, much in the same way attorneys accept stipulations at trial. We accept a statistical definition of who we are and what we have become. When the President accepts the data from the Bureau of the Census on December 31, there will be no appeal from subsequent bureaucratic formulations. Both the distribution of federal funds and the structure of political representation, in the Congress and the Electoral College, will be set in something more unshakable than cement. They will be set in computer programs.

Like the making of sausage and legislation, the enumeration of the citizenry is not much fun to watch. (Congressman Jim Leach of Iowa, who has followed the process closely, calls it "statistical gerrymandering.") There are three stages. First comes the enumeration: 275,000 election-year patronage appointees fan out across the country counting eeny-meeny-minee-moe. Now, given the high incidence of Chicago School graduates among the appointees, we can assume that certain subtotals are not inflated: the middle class, whites, professionals, suburbanites, and so on. On the other hand, slum apartments, junkie alleys, and transient hotels have been known to escape close personal inspection by skittish enumerators. A modest amount of extrapolation has probably

saved a life here and there. If there is a systemic weakness in the counting process, it resides in the Southwest, where even Bureau officials will admit there may be mass undercounting of Hispanic immigrants to Arizona, New Mexico, and Southern California. Even so, the figures are not bent grotesquely out of shape, and for the first 19 enumerations the process stopped there—with the Bureau count. In 1980, however, Jimmy Carter gave local officials the right to "review" the data before official submission. In most cases, the review process featured a Democratic patronage appointee confronting a local Democratic pol. Understandably, these were not knock-down drag-out adversary procedures. If the review process resulted anywhere in a downward adjustment of local population figures, that fact has not been made public.

Stages

To recap. Stage 1 is an enumeration administered by patronage appointees, Stage 2 is a local review and adjustment process conducted predominantly by Democratic officials. Those "safeguards" ought to satisfy even the legendary Mr. Richard J. Daley. But no: they are unable to roll back the tides of demography, and the data continue to show that the 25 congressional districts suffering the heaviest population losses since 1970 are all in core urban centers. Make that core Democratic centers. (New York City alone could lose four seats in the House.) And thus we come to Stage 3. The urban centers are going to court, which in most cases means that Democratic mayors are pleading before Democratic judges. Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, and other cities claiming an undercount are asking the courts for a new type of federal aid. They seek an award of what amounts to a phantom population—invisible but assumed to be present. (On September 25, a U.S. District Court Judge ruled in favor of Detroit, barring the Bureau from releasing data until adjustments are made. A week later, New York won a similar ruling.) You see, the greater the population, the higher the revenue-sharing check. The principle here seems to be that if a gravestone is entitled to vote it ought to have the right to go on welfare. Fair is fair. □

I WRITE THIS column at a time of war and turmoil in the Middle East, which prompts me to look back, and ahead, to better times.

I am often amazed at how quickly adulation turns to vilification once some journalist somewhere has successfully set the fashion. Once the press and television turned on Nixon, he was doomed. It did not take long for Mihailovich of Yugoslavia to lose his heroic image and find himself presented as a traitor (though he has since been vindicated by David Martin in *Patriot or Traitor*, Hoover Press).

Chiang Kai-shek's image was similarly tarnished, and if it is any consolation to his surviving family, the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, is happening right now to the man who ousted him, the late great helmsman Mao Tse-tung. For that matter, Stalin's image ain't what it used to be.

The Shah Is Dead

But in all the world is there a case more pathetic and tragic than that of the late Shah, from King of Kings to reviled exile in a couple of years?

Mr. Russ Braley, whom I do not know, kept a vigilant eye on the vilification process, and in a speech at Notre Dame, Indiana last March, gave details sickening to any honest chronicler of our times. While the evil and obscurantist Ayatollah Khomeini was holding Americans as hostages in defiance of international law and civilized decency, the ghouls in our media were harassing the stricken Shah for daring to survive his operation in New York.

Newspapers and television programs competed with each other in escalating estimates of the loot the Shah was alleged to have taken with him into exile. The millions soon became billions.

There was a similar competition over the numbers allegedly killed by the Shah's monstrous forces during the Iranian revolution. President Abol-Hasan Bani-Sadr, when he was still Finance Minister, said the Shah killed 65,000. When the Shah was in Mexico, the new regime's embassy came out with a figure to end all figures: 365,995 persons killed.

In fact, those killed during the revolution probably did not exceed one thousand, and the Shah's reign was notable (in comparison with, say, successive regimes in neighboring Iraq) for its remarkably low number of executions—none, as far as I am aware, of a purely political nature. The Ayatollah ought to know, having been allowed to get out and agitate, first from Iraq and later from France.

Looking back, as I said, to better times, the Shah can be seen, whatever his faults, as an enlightened monarch, whose main error was to attempt to go too fast on the road of modernization. If you try to crowd a hundred years of industrial growth into 15 years, attracting peasants to the towns in droves, you are certain to put agriculture under severe strain, fan inflation, and land yourself with a good deal of discontent and envy by those who have less, of those who rather blatantly have more.

This duly happened, but the Shah's intentions were essentially honorable and, if allowed to complete his work in peace, he might well have consolidated one of the most remarkable feats in contemporary history.

Revolutions, alas, invariably destroy more successfully than they replace, at least in the early stages.

As for the Iranian revolution, it is difficult (I would say impossible) to discern any objective good it has done to the Iranian people. Even before the Iraqi bombers went into action, oil output was drastically affected, trade had dropped catastrophically, and the professional classes were quickly alienated. The only people who reckoned they had done well by expelling the Shah were the mad Mullahs, the incompetents promoted to places merit alone would never have secured for them, and militant "students" who enjoyed their gun-toting status under the baleful eyes of Khomeini.

In time, it will be clear to all that no military dictatorship and no ramshackle republic on familiar Third World models is going to heal Iran's self-inflicted wounds. Only a restored monarchy is going to do that.

There is no republican tradition in Iran. A people so various is the stuff

of empires, and no republic, however cunningly federative, could contain Persians and Kurds, Baluchis and Azerbaijanis, and the rest. From the Achaemenids to the Pahlevis, and through a lengthy succession of wars and foreign invasions, crowned heads have succeeded each other.

It is true that the Pahlevis have not been around for very long (the Shah's father, Reza Shah, having overthrown the Qajars four years earlier, donned the crown himself in 1925). But I cannot see anyone seriously pressing for the restoration of the Qajars, the Ashshars, or the Zands.

Long Live the Shah

Concretely, a restoration of the monarchy would mean the return to Iran, and the coronation, of the Crown Prince, Reza Pahlevi. As those who have met the young man will testify, he is serious-minded, mature beyond his years (perhaps the circumstances make this less than surprising), a linguist, an accomplished pilot (as U.S. Air Force instructors well know), and into the bargain a pretty good photographer.

If present plans materialize, the Prince will solemnly claim the vacant throne on October 31, when he will have reached his constitutional majority at twenty. He will not, of course, immediately return to Iran. But in time a plebiscite could give him the necessary popular invitation.

As it happens, a rather interesting parallel is with us right now. The King of Spain, Alfonso XIII, left his country (although without abdicating) in 1931. A turbulent and increasingly chaotic republic was born, and five years later the great civil war broke out. A military strongman came to power. Today, decades later, Alfonso's grandson Juan Carlos is on the Spanish throne.

I only hope an Iranian military dictator does not stay around as long as Franco did, but the temptation to regard oneself as the permanent and indispensable savior is inevitably strong in such circumstances. I am not a betting man, but those who are could do worse than bet on the Iranian Crown Prince's chances. □

Down Mexico Way: The Road To Serfdom

GEORGE BYRAM LAKE



MEXICO'S PLEASURE in the possession of fifty billion barrels of oil which the world is clamoring to buy at stratospheric prices is tempered by profound misgivings. Not about the extent of her oil riches, however. Geologists say that oil and gas reserves already proven are enough to allow the nation to export at the current rate of 1.2 million barrels a day until well beyond the end of this century, and to provide for domestic energy needs until 2030 A.D. Moreover, they believe that still other huge Mexican oilfields are there to develop. So why the worry?

President José López Portillo is anxious that his country avoid the fate that has befallen other countries overwhelmed by an oil boom, Iran being a ghastly example. He hopes that his sweeping Global Development Plan, designed to guide all aspects of the economy, private as well as public, will "improve the distribution of wealth between the people . . . and between geographical regions." There is a special emphasis on food, education, health, and housing, in an effort to transform Mexico into an industrial power capable, for the first time in her history, of giving the submerged half of her population a real chance in life.

A period of strong though spotty economic growth sparked by the oil bonanza is already under way. According to Dr. Luis Pazos, a brilliant young economist whose books on public affairs are national best-sellers, Mexico is blessed with more natural resources than West Germany and Japan combined. Petroleum income and billions of dollars borrowed abroad are to be used to develop the mining, agriculture, fisheries, and tourist industries—to name a few—in the hope that Mexico can prosper long after the oil boom subsides. Experts believe, for example, that mining alone eventually could prove to be more profitable than oil. The nation has more than forty varieties of valuable minerals, and is again world champion in silver production.

During the last year or so work has been started on many big construction projects, most of them owned by the state, but some by Mexican private capital in partnership with leading American and European firms. New petroleum-related industries are being launched and existing plants modernized in many parts of the country. Hotels and office buildings are going up. Thousands of jobs have been created, with trained people in demand at salaries unheard of heretofore. So good is the government's credit because of oil that international banks are competing for loans on big projects

still on the drawing boards. Superficially, prospects could hardly be brighter. And yet . . .

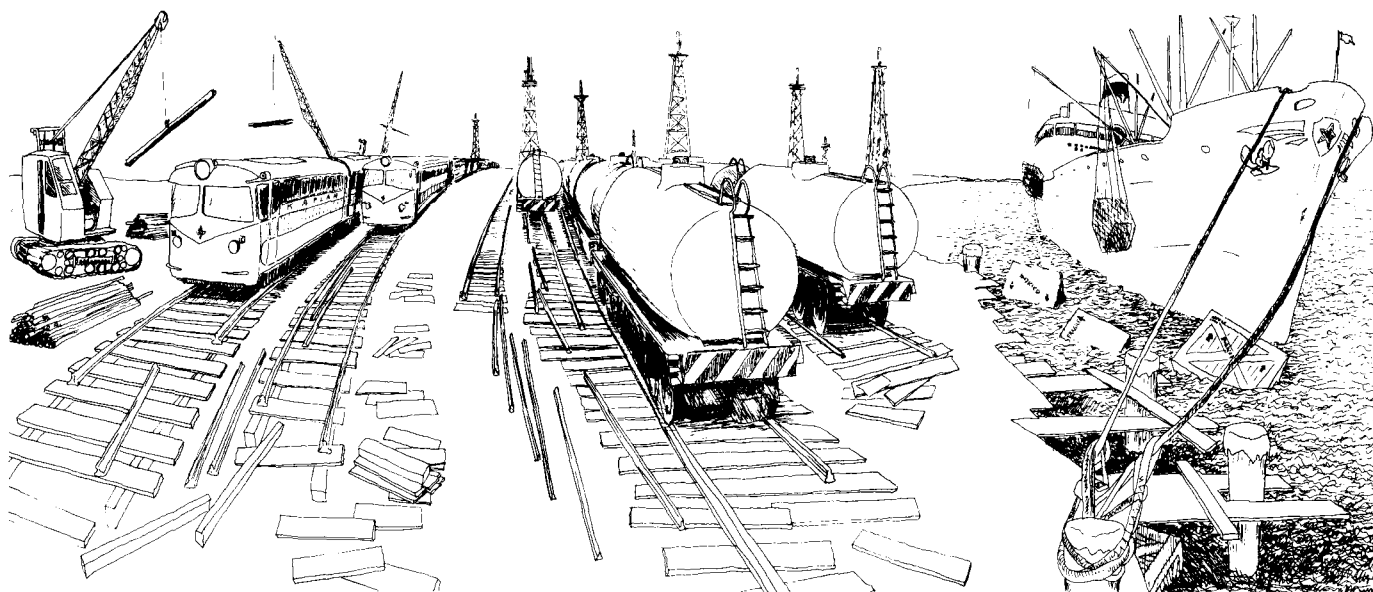
Along with oceans of oil, Mexico has a sea of troubles. Some of them are all too familiar to an American visitor: roaring inflation, fueled by deficit spending and floods of paper money; high unemployment; a federal bureaucracy busily converting itself into a new ruling class; excessive regulation; corruption in office and elsewhere; demagoguery unlimited; a failing educational system; a snail-paced postal service; constantly more burdensome taxes; growing signs of social dissolution. In short, most of the ailments of home—but in a particularly virulent form. Mexico's inflation was 9.4 per cent in the first quarter of 1980, with 30 per cent predicted for the year. Deficit spending is relatively much higher than in the U.S., hard as that may be to believe. So are federal income taxes, and last January a value added tax, which in practice amounts to an almost universal 10 per cent levy on goods and services, was put into effect.

Because of inflation and more taxes, real income—already low for most people—dropped 2.4 per cent last year and is still falling. Corruption is much bolder than in the U.S. and more widespread. (The Mexico City Chief of Police announced recently that he had fired 7,500 crooked cops in the last two years.) Active members of the Communist Party of Mexico are prominent in education and in the bureaucracy. Unemployment and underemployment are not 8 or 9 per cent, but 40 or 50. Thousands of primary-school teachers, unpaid for months because of a "computer error," have been radicalized. Such are some of Mexico's worries.

So far, few Mexicans have seen any of the new oil wealth, but all are being hurt by its side-effects, especially inflation. The gap between the many prosperous or wealthy government functionaries and the hard-run citizens who support them continues to widen and to be more keenly resented.

Preliminary census figures for 1980 put Mexico's population at 67.5 million, not counting the eight to ten million who have already made it across the border. That total, likely to be revised upward, shows a jump of nearly 17 million since 1970. Seventy-five per cent of the population is under 25 years of age; hence the income-tax burden is borne

Mr. Lake is a retired petroleum engineer who has lived in Mexico for a number of years.



by far fewer people than the total figure might suggest.

Perhaps the most immediately threatening of Mexico's ills is the failure of the dominant (70 per cent) *ejido* system of farming. Like the Soviet *kolkhoz*, it is incapable of feeding the country. It can't even feed the farmers.

The *ejido* idea was inherited in part from pre-colonial native cultures and now is embedded in political ideology. It is enormously expensive, a rich source of graft and of votes for the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI), which has not lost a national election in fifty years. Like long-distance school busing in the United States, or minimum-wage laws in both countries, the more obvious the failure the higher the political obstacles to change.

Ejido land is owned by the government and assigned, more or less permanently, to individual farmers, or *ejidatarios*. *Ejido* plots generally are very small—one to five acres in many areas—and while the government spends the peso equivalent of more than \$3 billion a year trying to make the system work, most *ejidatarios* can't eke out even a poor living. They and their families are hungry and in rags. Hundreds of thousands of them are forced by poverty to drift, illiterate and without marketable skills, into the cities, or to become illegal immigrants to the United States. These "undocumented workers" are the youngest and most ambitious of the *ejidatarios*; just the ones Mexican agriculture most needs.

Eroded and nearly worthless *ejido* parcels lie idle all over Mexico. "Land and Liberty" was the battle cry of the peasants who won the Mexican Revolution. Now millions of them are worse off than their grandfathers were in the days of Porfirio Díaz. Their sons make up Mexico's army.

Arable land still privately owned consists of small farms in areas of relatively good rainfall, with larger tracts for grazing in more arid regions. These farms, like the tiny private plots permitted in the Soviet Union, greatly out-produce state-owned lands.

But the continued existence of free farmers and ranchers is threatened. They were under strong government-sponsored or -condoned attack in the preceding Echeverría administration. Now lands are again being seized: illegally, by armed mobs, in some cases, or officially in others, by federal agents bear-

ing expropriation orders signed by the president under old socialist-inspired agrarian reform laws. For years there has been no good land left to redistribute, and the government now can reward idle Pablo only by robbing industrious Pedro. Presidents like to be known as great land-givers, and expropriations seem to gain momentum as a presidential term draws toward its close.

As for the illegal expropriations, several have been organized recently by officials of the Partido Socialista de los Trabajadores (PST), some of whom were prominent in the 1968 attempted *golpe de estado* which was quelled by the army with much bloodshed in the heart of Mexico City.

The PST, backed by Marxist colleagues in high government circles, is working to convert Mexico's "mixed economy" of public and private enterprise into a full-fledged, centrally planned, bureaucratically directed socialist state. They claim to have mobilized forty thousand men under plans to seize thousands of acres in 18 of Mexico's 31 states. Opponents charge them with planning a new *golpe*, timed for the change of presidents late in 1982, and say that the large sums of money they are spending come from the Soviet Union via the Communist Party of Mexico.

Soviet use of cash for subversion is nothing new in Latin America. Scores and perhaps hundreds of Mexican graduates of Communist "terror schools" in North Korea, Czechoslovakia, Cuba, and the Soviet Union are running loose in Mexico, thanks in part to a sweeping presidential amnesty. Their skills will come in handy if plans are realized to stir up the kind of lethal turmoil now devastating nearby El Salvador. The public is well aware that Mexico's main oilfields in Campeche, Chiapas, and Tabasco are a few miles from Guatemala and its bloody struggle against a Sandinista-type takeover. Nicaragua, swarming with Soviet and other Iron Curtain agents, is not much farther away.

The PST and allied Marxist groups are also working to stir up trouble in the United States. They hailed the black riots in Miami and disturbances in Cuban refugee camps as blows for freedom in the class struggle. (Mexico, which welcomed with professional jobs hundreds of leftist fugitives from Chile after Allende's fall, did not admit a single Cuban of the 10,800 who took asylum last spring in the Peruvian

Embassy in Havana, and President López Portillo chose at the height of that affair to announce his plans for a friendly visit with Fidel Castro.)

The farm raiders in Mexico are not interested in peacefully acquiring abandoned *ejido* land. When possible they seize developed farms, with houses, barns, machinery, livestock, fences, and wells, often assaulting the families that have spent years improving the property. What they cannot grab, they wreck. Some governors order them driven off, but most officials are timid and let them get away with their crime. Hundreds of the most productive farms and ranches in the republic have been confiscated in the last five years, in defiance of legal titles and sometimes even of certificates of "untouchability" signed by a former president. "If we cease to believe in the president of the Republic, if now we can't rely on the validity of his signature on a certificate of title, aren't we about ready to fall for any kind of strange and fanatical ideology?" asked a writer in the weekly magazine *Impacto*.

Contempt for property rights and for the human rights of hard-working rural families is deepening the nation's food crisis. "Who will plant for bandits to harvest?" small land-owners ask. They call the raiders, many of whom know nothing about farming, "*campesinos nylon*," or city slickers.

The food problem has been accelerated by the worst drought in several years. Until recently Mexico was self-sufficient in most grain crops and exported several. But talk of the "Green Revolution," prevalent in the early Seventies, is muted now. This year the government will import 12 million and probably more tons of grain (about three-quarters of it from the U.S.), along with large quantities of other products, such as powdered milk.

But buying the grain was only the first step. The next is to

Thousands of U.S. freight cars have already disappeared into the Mexican railroad system and remain untraceable

get it delivered. State-owned businesses in all countries that permit elections have a special incubus. New rulers appoint new managers who, being temporary, have scant interest in maintenance. They let the plant run down in favor of illusory "profits." That is precisely what has happened to hundreds of state-owned business enterprises in Mexico, a prime example being the debt-ridden Mexican National Railroad system. It is so dilapidated that it cannot begin to handle the traffic, swollen as it is by oilfield equipment and materials for the construction boom, and, now, the grain deliveries. Cargo of all kinds is bottled up for weeks and months in railroad yards and seaports, with huge losses through spoilage of goods left in the weather, demurrage, and theft. Scarce freight cars are diverted to use as warehouses.

As far as grain deliveries are concerned, the government had proposed a novel solution. Twelve or more entire U.S.

trains a week, manned from the border southward by Mexican crews, would have delivered 40 per cent of the grain purchases all the way to Mexican population centers. U.S. railroads promptly vetoed that idea, however, because thousands of their freight cars have already disappeared into the Mexican railroad system and remain untraceable. So tractor-trailer rigs have taken over much of that part of the hauling job, while the bulk of the grain is being sent by sea in the hope that ports can be unclogged soon.

That hope is dim. Mexican ports are so victimized by labor gangsters that they make even New York docks look clean. They are among the world's slowest, least efficient, and most costly seaports. Since efforts at port reform by a series of administrations have come to nothing, the government now is constructing four big new seaports—two on the Gulf coast and two on the Pacific—in part, critics say, to bypass rampant corruption in the old ports.

Mexico's problems are not confined to one industry or set of industries. She now is obliged to import *sugar*, once one of her great crops and a leading foreign-exchange winner. The swift decline and near demise of the Mexican sugar industry is a classic example of how to change a tax-paying business into a tax-eating business in seven years.

The industry had thrived from the time of Hernán Cortés, who himself was a sugar grower when not busy pacifying Indians. Sugar exports grew over the centuries until in 1973 they reached 606,607 tons. Then a federal price-control policy began to bite. For several years the government, as the pre-emptive sole buyer, had refused to pay the privately owned sugar mills a fair price. One by one the mills went broke. The government, presumably as planned, took them over, but by then many of them were too rundown to operate, and cane growers, with no place to sell, watched hundreds of thousands of tons rot in the fields. Production fell like a spent rocket.

Consumption, stimulated by a heavy retail subsidy, soared. When abolished in 1980, the subsidy was costing the treasury just under \$100 million a year. Exports had vanished four years earlier, and now Mexico is obliged to import, mainly from Castro's Cuba, at least as much sugar as it exported in 1973.

While the sugar debacle was taking place, the government, in keeping with a corollary of Parkinson's Law, was expanding a half-dozen agencies created to help the sugar industry, all of them well staffed with experts. One—Financiera Azucarera S.A.—borrowed \$412 million from New York banks, and wonders how to repay it. All the special sugar agencies are still in business, with plans to revive the industry.

Badly run state-owned businesses are a heavy burden on the backs of the Mexican people; the sugar business is only one of more than eight hundred of them, and some of them outdo even sugar in inefficiency. So pervasive are the government's commercial and industrial activities that the government is, as Dr. Pazos points out, the nation's principal employer, principal producer, principal seller, and principal intermediary.

The "*paraestatales*," as they are called, range from beauty parlors to steel mills, from movie theaters, newspapers, and television stations to shipyards and automobile factories. Units in the hodge-podge have nothing in common except that they are run by politicians who have an almost univer-

sal talent for losing money in great chunks. If privately owned, all but a few of the businesses would have been forced long ago either to stop their losses or to go into bankruptcy. But as the saying goes, "Old bureaucrats never die; they just waste away."

The *paraestatales*' losses are almost wholly responsible for the government's skyrocketing debt, and for the inflation now wracking the country. And yet, spokesmen for the ruling political party said recently: "We must nationalize all our resources to eliminate transnationals and monopolies." And, of course, to create more lush jobs for good party members.

Mexico's foreign debt rose from \$3.25 billion in 1970 to about \$34 billion today—the world's third largest. Only the Soviet Union and Brazil owe more, and Mexico is catching up. Late in June it obtained another loan from the World

PEMEX lost money from day one. Instead of 'obscene profits' it incurred truly obscene losses at the expense of the Mexican people

Bank, this time for \$100 million, and two weeks later topped that with one for \$325 million. Those two loans were among more than a dozen announced since the first of the year.

"Why all the borrowing and new taxes if we're so rich from oil?" is a question often heard in Mexico. The answer is that all income from oil and gas exports is being used to pay old debts. Dr. Pazos shows that in 1979, while sale abroad of oil and related products brought in \$3.38 billion, interest on the public debt took \$2.89 billion of that. Payment on the debt itself required \$7.28 billion more, so that total debt payments, interest and amortization, required \$10.18 billion, or three times oil income. The government made up the shortfall last year by borrowing and by printing more money. Money in circulation increased by 35.3 per cent over the previous year, thus fueling one of the highest inflation rates in Mexican history. The inflationary burst is especially painful coming as it does after a 50 per cent devaluation of the *peso* even against the sinking dollar.

PEMEX—Petróleo Mexicanos—has lately become the one big money-maker among Mexico's state-owned businesses, though it too lost shoals of money through graft and inefficiency during most of its existence. It broke out of the red only in 1974, when OPEC monopoly prices made loss of money by the production of oil almost impossible.

Although not a member of OPEC, Mexico charges OPEC prices (\$34.50 a barrel in July) plus a dollar or two extra a barrel for U.S. customers, who otherwise would gain about that much through lower shipping costs. Increased oil prices and higher production will improve Mexico's finances in 1980, as will the sale of three million cubic feet of gas a day to the United States. The new gas price, instead of the \$2.65 per thousand the Energy Department considered too high 18 months ago, is around \$4.50 per thousand.

Even with higher revenues, the government is likely to come up short again. Oil export sales—60 per cent of them to the U.S.—will bring in from \$8 billion to \$10 billion in

1980. Gas sales will boost that figure somewhat, but debt payments of \$11.5 billion will still soak it all up.

Mexico, it should be noted, now is enjoying her second time around as a major oil producer. The first big Mexican well was drilled in 1901, and twenty years later the nation was the world's second largest producer. (The U.S. was first and Russia third.) El Aguila and other Anglo-Dutch companies had 70 per cent of the Mexican production in those days, and U.S. companies headed by Sinclair and Standard of California had 30 per cent. Oil company taxes accounted on average for 14.3 per cent of Mexican government revenues.

Relations between the companies and successive governments were strained. When the oil workers' union struck, the government ruled for the union, and El Aguila and other companies withdrew their money from Mexican banks. On March 18, 1938, President Lázaro Cárdenas ordered the expropriation of all the oil companies. That date is celebrated annually with anti-foreign speeches and demonstrations.

The sweeping expropriation included oil wells, pumping stations, pipelines, refineries, tank farms, truck fleets, warehouses, and offices. The government, as agreed, paid for the properties a few years later. Heroes of the Revolution and other deserving politicians were given the filling stations, and hundreds of them, unchanged except by time, are still in use today. (By noon of March 19 the last scrap of toilet paper had disappeared from the last filling station, and by nightfall hardly a toilet seat remained anywhere.)

Despite its complete monopoly on every aspect of the Mexican petroleum business, PEMEX lost money from day one. Instead of "obscene profits" it incurred truly obscene losses at the expense of the Mexican people, the supposed owners. Production dwindled as costs rose, to the point that Mexico was obliged to import oil through 1972. *Fortune*, in a 1978 survey, rated PEMEX as second only to Italy's state monopoly as the worst-run oil company in the world. "If a government were put in charge of the Sahara Desert," Pazos quotes Milton Friedman, "within five years they'd have a shortage of sand." PEMEX is thus not a low-cost producer of oil. Its profit per barrel, if known, is certainly far less than that of the Arabs.

Flagrant corruption was largely responsible for the dismal showing of PEMEX. "*Jefes alcaponescos*"—union leaders so called for their use of tactics, including homicide, borrowed from Chicago's most notorious gangster—fell instantly and with wild exultant gloatings on their opportunities to rob PEMEX. They stole gasoline and diesel fuel in tankcar lots. Streets in some towns were paved, badly, with stolen PEMEX asphalt. A major racket was—and still is—the sale of PEMEX jobs for up to \$5,000 worth of *pesos*. Naturally, the number of jobs increased so that, as nearly as can be figured, PEMEX now employs four times more people per barrel of oil than does Petrobras, the Brazilian monopoly, itself no paragon of efficiency.

Like all the *paraestatales*, PEMEX's payroll is loaded with *aviadores*, people who draw fat salaries without ever going near the place. When an official committee started to probe the PEMEX union's sale of jobs a few years ago, the *jefes* produced a long list of *aviadores* and lo! the names of many a friend or relative of the investigators were there with all the rest. The zeal for reform evaporated in an atmosphere of mutual tolerance.

Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(The hard-to-find tape recording that has become a big conservative hit!)

Get it FREE!

Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

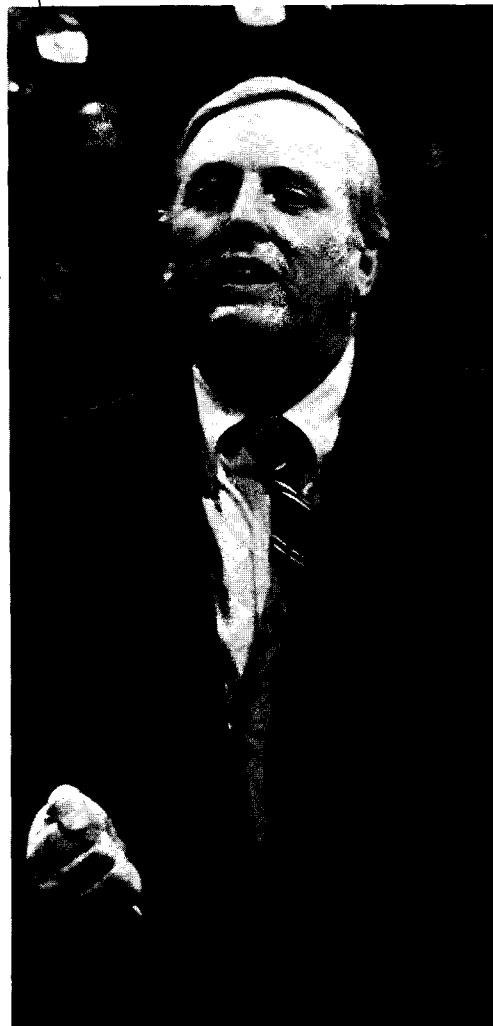
William Rusher, David Keene and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they

last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is hard to best. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90-minute cassette) absolutely FREE and postpaid simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires*. That way you'll be guaranteed no interruption in service, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!).

So get your copy of this marvelous tape right now. It's first-come, first-served, while our supply lasts. The Buckley Roast carries a price tag of \$8.95, and you'd probably pay that much gladly if you could find it in a store (which you *can't*). However, if you fill out and return the handy card opposite this page today you *can* get it FREE and postpaid. That's right: we'll rush the Buckley Roast tape to you and immediately extend your subscription for another full year (26 issues). The price for the subscription is just \$24 (very good value at today's price levels) and the tape is FREE. Don't miss the fun you'll get out of this collector's item! Return the card today.

P.S.: *If you are not already a subscriber to NR you can still use the handy card opposite to enter your own subscription (same terms) and receive the Buckley Roast cassette.*



The oil union currently is demanding a 34 per cent wage increase and a bundle of new fringe benefits under threat of strike. News accounts did not say how much oil workers are paid now or how many there are. It is plain, though, that their wages are much higher than average; and inflation, bad everywhere, has become unbearable in the oil boom areas.

New crises continually pop up in the steaming Mexican economy. The Comisión Federal de Electricidad (CFE), the government's power monopoly, was forced midway in 1980 to begin a series of rolling blackouts over much of the nation. Power to residential areas was cut off for an hour at a time, twice or more during the day. Thousands of industrial plants were ordered by CFE to close down entirely for 24-hour periods every week. Loss of production through disrupted work schedules increased costs and affected export sales and the balance of payments, already in deep deficit.

Low water in reservoirs supplying CFE's hydroelectric plants was given as the immediate cause of the emergency, made worse by alleged defects in some boilers bought from Germany in 1975. The low water, according to the Secretary of Agriculture, was caused by drought provoked by hurricane cloud-seeding experiments the U.S. Air Force last conducted in 1971. Newspapers went into a week-long flap over that, but Jorge Castañeda, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, said he did not have enough solid evidence of USAF culpability to file a formal complaint.

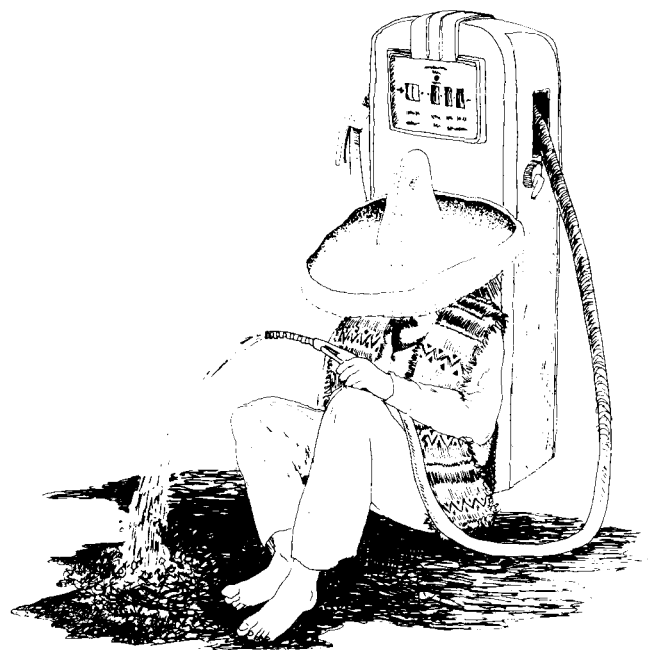
Since 70 per cent of CFE's energy is steam-generated, some industrial customers were not impressed by the cloud-seeding, low-water, and bad-boiler explanations. And upon learning that 47 per cent of CFE's generating equipment was out of service, they astutely predicted worse troubles to come. They demanded—successfully—that the President fire Hugo Cervantes del Río, head of CFE, for incompetence.

Mexico is betting borrowed billions that OPEC and its associates will be able to maintain their stranglehold on the developed nations

and lack of foresight. CFE lost just under a half-billion dollars last year and took first place in the list of losers among the state-owned industries.

The power shortage raised a basic question: Can the rickety Mexican infrastructure as a whole support the strains of the development program? The answer may not be long in coming.

In the view of its many critics, the Global Development Plan represents a new lurch leftward toward a planned economy, and a dangerous new power grab by the government. They denounce it as unrealistic and unworkable, if for no other reason than because it is being run by the functionaries responsible for the stupendous losses of the *paraestatales*. State businesses, they perceive, are run, not for the benefit of the public, but for that of the people who staff them. They have no reason to think it will be any different under the Plan.



The government's federal budget forecasts have been far wide of the mark for the last three years in a row. Expenditures in 1979, in fact, were 109 per cent higher than the budget planners had foreseen only a few months earlier. "We consider it incongruous that the government should wish to plan the entire economy when it hasn't been able to plan its own public sector adequately," Dr. Pazos said. "Rather than more plans Mexico needs stability in prices and a climate of security in the country . . ."

Oil income is supposed to meet the whole cost of the Plan, but some non-government economists say that unless there is a sharp increase in oil prices within the next few months, Mexico could be forced to default on some of its international debts. In their opinion, no further quantum leaps in oil prices are probable. The fact is that Mexico is betting borrowed billions that its oil and gas exports will be highly profitable over the course of the next 15 to twenty years, which is to say that the OPEC cartel and its associates will be able indefinitely to maintain their stranglehold on the developed nations.

Until a few months ago the Mexican government seemed to be hesitating at a fork in the political and economic road. It was not clear whether it would move further leftward toward a complete socialist state, or swerve right toward greater freedom for the individual. Now the choice seems to have been made. The route leads left with greatly increased risks, administration critics believe, of runaway inflation and a social and economic collapse.

A Mexican president is barred from re-election, but among his great powers is that of naming his successor, who then is automatically endorsed by torpid voters in a meaningless national election. Beset as they are by doubts and anxieties—one source of these being the Soviet Union's intentions in strife-torn Central America—López Portillo's fellow citizens can only wait and hope for better luck next time. On the character and convictions of the man he chooses—a man whose name will not be known for many months—the future of Mexico depends. □

Bullish on Reagan

WILLIAM MURCHISON

JIMMY CARTER once pledged never to lie to us, so who can fail to believe him when he says, "There can be no more important state than Texas"? It is a judgment not merely amiable to Texans but utterly in keeping with the political realities as Campaign '80 draws, thank God, to its close.

The potency of the Lone Star State is hard to overrate these days. The loutish Ewing family of *Dallas* is everywhere wreaking havoc on popular culture. More to the point, 13 million Texans afford their state 26 electoral votes, the same number as Illinois. Only California, New York, and Pennsylvania have more. The last two times Texas backed the Democratic presidential slate—in 1968 and 1976—the margins were exquisitely slim. Out of four million Texas votes cast in the last election, Jimmy Carter won by just 129,000. That he won at all was due not only to his Georgia accent and moderate image but also to Democratic Governor Dolph Briscoe's vigorous support. In the waning weeks of the '76 campaign, Briscoe was as busy as a square-dance fiddler in Carter's behalf. (And why not? Carter, in a letter to Briscoe, had promised he would "work to deregulate" the price of new natural gas.) Without Texas, Carter's Electoral College margin would have been reduced to precisely three votes.

Fatal Shock

It is for such reasons that Walter Mondale recently confessed to a Houston audience that "the idea of being elected to a national office without the traditional support of Texas would be an emotional shock to me that I could never survive."

The Vice President's physicians should stand by with respiratory equipment. The Carter-Mondale ticket is altogether likely to take a shellacking in Texas.

Even with the dreaded John Ander-

son largely out of the picture in Texas, the liabilities that Carter faces in the state are of a much graver order than four years ago. In contrast to Gerald Ford, Reagan is a longtime Texas favorite. In 1976, he resuscitated his ailing campaign by thrashing Ford in the Texas primary; and although Texan George Bush was his opponent in 1980, Texas Republicans still gave Reagan 52 per cent of the vote.

This year, no sympathetic Democratic governor sits in Austin; rather, a hardboiled Republican, Bill Clements, who freely advertises his contempt for Carter and his ambition to cleanse the White House of the past four years' pollution. The Governor is Numero Uno in Reagan's Texas campaign. Together with John Connally he has stumped the Democratic rural heartland, carrying the message that Jimmy Carter is no friend of Texas. He has helped also to make the state GOP a much more united force than in 1976. The marriage of Reagan and Bush in Detroit reconciled their feuding followers at the grassroots level.

Not that the President's men in Texas have been sitting around in a stupor. More than electoral votes is at stake: to wit, personal pride, Texas being the home state of the formidable Robert Strauss, chairman of the Carter-Mondale Committee, and of Democratic National Chairman John C. White. State Democrats generally support Carter—or say they do. A morose exception is former Governor Briscoe, who feels double-crossed by the President he so heartily backed. Not only did Carter fail to follow through with his facile promise on natural gas (Congress eventually forced his hand)—he debauched, in Briscoe's view, the whole economy.

Briscoe's attitude won't help Carter with the conservatives and moderates who cling, heaven knows why, to the party of their fathers. To carry Texas, Carter needs an inundation of black and Mexican-American votes, such as

helped him to victory four years ago. Hispanic voters are of particular importance; 800,000 are registered to vote. Carter and Mondale have accordingly campaigned hard in Houston and points south, where minorities are numerous. The fly in the buttermilk is that blacks, and especially Mexican-Americans, are notorious stay-at-homes on election day.

The polls are of little help this year in evaluating the campaign. A poll distributed by *Texas Monthly* magazine in late September purported to show Carter ahead of Reagan 44 per cent to 36 per cent. I have talked to no responsible political observer who thinks the authors of the poll would know the Alamo from a Panhandle beer joint. The finding seems all the more ludicrous in view of an earlier *Texas Monthly* poll showing Reagan substantially ahead. The results of the later poll are further skewed by the questioners' failure to distinguish likely from unlikely voters.

And They Vote

A more indicative survey, conducted by Lance Torrance of Houston, shows Reagan ahead more than 2 to 1 in the suburban, ticket-splitting areas of Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, and Houston, as well as in 12 conservative Democratic counties of West Texas. This is a constituency that does more than announce its preferences: it actually votes.

Clements, for his own part, could not care less what the polls say. "My polls at this time in 1978," he said early this fall, "were just as bad as these, and I won. I'm not very impressed with polls." What Clements is impressed with is strategy, work, and organization. Behind or ahead, the Reagan campaign in Texas is running and working as if every vote counted—which, of course, it does. If Hispanics, as usual, find other things to do on election day, and if conservative Anglos turn out strongly to register their disapproval of Jimmy Carter, Texas is Reagan's. And maybe the nation as well. □

Mr. Murchison is a columnist for the Dallas Morning News and co-author of Those Gasoline Lines and How They Got There, reviewed in NR's last issue.

helo

Anything for Hallow-e'en?

Careful when the doorbell rings:
Who knows what the moonlight brings?
Don't give gifts to things that crawl,
Creep or climb or mutter, "Y'all."
When you wonder what's beneath,
Make a check for lots of teeth.
Lock the door and nurse your gout.
Mrs. Carter's kid is out.

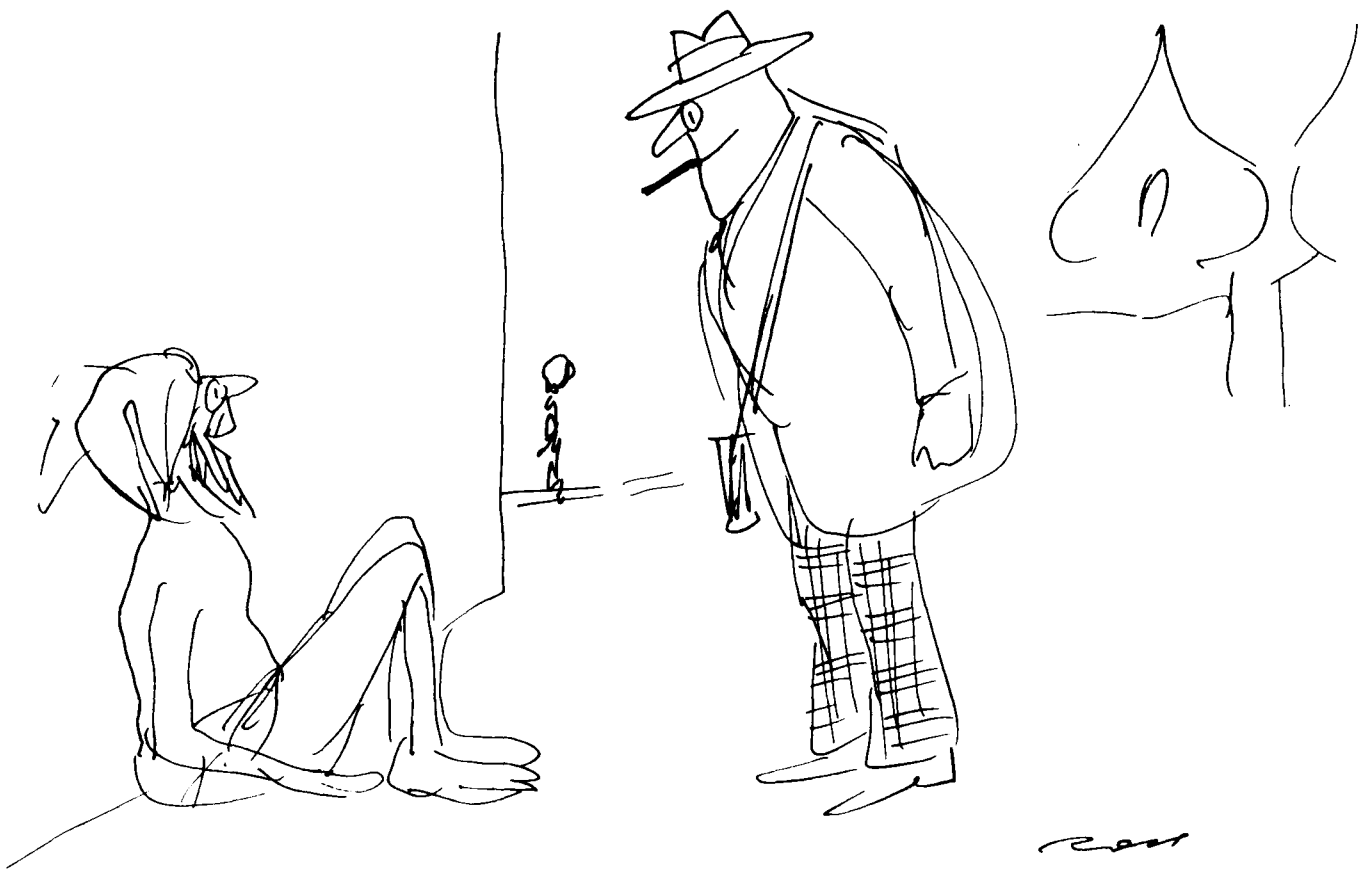
W. H. VON DREELE



"I like you much better when you're winning."

MAXED THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER © 1980 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE





Ross

Rothco

"That's a coincidence! In my other life, I was a Republican."



Uluschak, Edmonton Journal

Rothco

"I'm all for tearing down the old city hall . . . preferably with city council still in it!"

THE FIRST presidential candidate of a third party in American history was William Wirt, a former United States Attorney General and biographer of Patrick Henry, who received the nomination of the Anti-Masonic Party for the election of 1832. A diffident man, Wirt informed his supporters that he saw nothing wrong with Masonry, and that if his views disturbed them, he would willingly step aside. But the Anti-Masons ignored the demurrals, and Wirt and his running-mate, Amos Ellmaker, swept the state of Vermont.

That inauspicious beginning belies the significance of third parties in the American political system. Even while losing, they can decide who the winner will be: Eugene McCarthy's independent campaign in 1976 took more votes in several states (notably Oregon) than Ford's margin over Carter, and if the Democrats had not succeeded in keeping McCarthy's name off the ballot in New York, Ford might be in the White House now. Third parties are even more important to the campaigns of ideas. Abolition, homesteading, government-owned railroads, progressive income taxes, the Eighteenth Amendment—all began as the nostrums of parties which never polled more than 10 per cent of the vote. Ideas and the response they generate in turn affect future elections. The major parties are still jockeying for clear control of the voters George Wallace flushed out into the open in 1968.

Two third parties have been trying to flush out voters this year. They were at it before John Anderson came along, and they hope to be at it still when Anderson is as forgotten as Wirt.

The Libertarian Party will be nine years old this January. Its first presidential candidate, USC philosophy professor John Hospers, got on the ballot in only two states in 1972, and pulled less than four thousand votes. He earned a footnote in the almanacs, however, as secure as the explanation that Maris's 61-home-run season was eight games longer than Ruth's, when Roger MacBride, a Republican elector from Virginia, voted for Hospers instead of Nixon. MacBride won the party's undying gratitude, and its nod as presidential candidate in 1976. The MacBride ticket appeared on 32 ballots, got 171,627 votes, and finished fourth ahead of Lester Maddox. Two years later, the

CAMPAIGN '80

None of the Above

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Libertarians fielded over two hundred candidates in local races. One of them won a seat in the Alaska state legislature. Another, Ed Clark, a 48-year-old business lawyer running for governor of California against Jerry Brown and Evelle Younger, won 378,980 votes. Now Clark is raising his sights.

Edward Emerson Clark was born May 4, 1930, in Middleboro, Massachusetts. He graduated from Dartmouth and Harvard Law School, and was a Republican (once even a Lindsay supporter) until Nixon's wage and price controls came on in 1971. He has chaired the Libertarian state parties of New York and California, and he was nominated, over two opponents, at the party's national convention in Los Angeles in September of last year.

FOR Clark's running-mate, the convention picked David H. Koch (pronounced "coke"), a political novice and brother of Charles Koch, founder and bank-roller of the free-spending libertarian think-tank, the Cato Institute. David Koch pledged, if nominated, to spend \$500,000 on the campaign (the Supreme Court having ruled that candidates may donate unlimited amounts to themselves)—a promise he has been keeping.

The Cato Institute (see "Cato Institute and the Invisible Finger," *NR*, June 8, 1979) has been disturbed by bickering of late, most notably on the issue of nuclear power. *Libertarian Review*, a Cato publication, has come down hard on nuclear power, a logical consequence of the Institute's policy of wooing the anti-war, anti-government Left. Several prominent libertarians protested, including (ironically) the seminal strategist of the opening to the Left, Murray Rothbard; when the dust finally settled, Rothbard no longer wrote his regular column for *Libertarian Review Inquiry*; meanwhile, another Cato magazine, has adopted a laissez-faire position.

None of this has ruffled the Clark

campaign. It is as slick and professional as any other (slicker, those of us who watched the Ford-for-Veep can-can on television might, with justice, have concluded). Washington headquarters churns out position papers and fact sheets, and Clark makes his pitch in a series of five-minute spots on national TV.

The pitch includes a call for the abolition of dozens of government agencies and programs, including the Departments of Transportation and Education, the Federal Communications Commission, the National Labor Relations Board, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Federal Reserve, the Federal Trade Commission, Social Security, Medicare, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the FBI, and the Postal Service, among others. Silence about any other agency, notes the party platform, "should not be construed to imply approval." Clark would begin with a \$180-billion tax cut, and a balanced budget at a level 30 per cent below the current one, though the platform looks forward to "the eventual repeal of all taxation."

The Libertarian Party opposes gas taxes, gas rationing, oil and gas price controls, and the Department of Energy. The Clark campaign, in addition, balks at nuclear power. Clark leaflets carry endorsements from John Gofman, "a founding father of the anti-nuclear movement": "Libertarians believe people should be free from violence and aggression—and aggression is integral to nuclear power." Clark echoes that the radiation released by current reactors constitutes "aggression against innocent bystanders."

The Libertarians are as laissez-faire in their social policies as they are in economics ("the economics of Grover Cleveland, and the social policy of William O. Douglas" was how MacBride put it in 1976). They urge the repeal of all restrictions on firearms, drugs, and "consensual sexual relations" (with children too, it seems: "Any reference in this

Platform to the rights of human beings includes children"). The platform is in favor of allowing abortions (though not, of course, subsidized ones), and Clark supports ERA.

American foreign policy, Clark is fond of saying, "is such a shambles, one hardly knows where to begin." Nevertheless, he has some ideas: cut the defense budget by \$50 billion; pull out of NATO; withdraw all troops from abroad ("in particular," says the platform, "from the Korean peninsula"); pass SALT II. America, says a Clark leaflet, "should extend to the Islamic peoples a promise to stay out of their internal affairs, and let the Russians inherit the full wrath of Moslem independence." A Libertarian Administration would meanwhile grant independence to the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico ("colonial dependencies"), and scrap the Monroe Doctrine ("interventionist"). The CIA would go the way of the CAB. Clark opposes registration and the draft "under all circumstances," and the National Committee of his party endorses civil disobedience "as an appropriate moral and practical means of resisting."

Clark has called himself a "low-tax liberal," and his party's emergence reflects, or is coincident with, a shift within liberalism itself. Without changing their agendas on social issues, or altering their view of the protracted conflict, liberals have begun to suspect that perhaps Keynesian economics . . . has a few kinks in it. Hence the sign seen at so many Anderson rallies, "Heart on the left, wallet on the right"—a slogan of which the Clark campaign is a kind of day-glo version. The Libertarians have been talking about getting 5 per cent of the national vote, which is fantasy. I peg them at a little over a million (under 2 per cent) with 10 per cent in their strongest state, Alaska.

But if liberal economics lurches ever so slightly rightward, what haven remains for the true believers—the born-again, snake-handling, total-immersion socialists? The answer, apparently, is the Citizens Party. Let no one say there is no justice in the world.

The Citizens Party was the brainchild of two foundation directors and a businessman—Archibald Gillies, David Hunter, and Stanley Weiss—thus putting it firmly in the tradition of modern left-wing populism. After seven months of organizing, the party went public in

August 1979, and held its first convention in the decaying Cleveland Plaza Hotel in April of this year. Julian Bond and Mario Savio were among the handful of famous, or formerly famous, delegates. Ralph Nader, whose name had figured in early coverage of the party's formation, did not show. William Winpisinger, self-described socialist and president of the International Association of Machinists, was still working for Kennedy, and did not come aboard until after Madison Square Garden.

It seems, judging from the press clips, to have been the most interesting convention, and I can only apologize for not having attended it. After one speech, the *Village Voice* reported, "a soft-spoken woman made her way to the microphone and said, with considerable agitation: 'My rights as a human being have been violated by the previous speaker.' It was his loud voice, she said. She, in turn, was succeeded by a barefoot man with a ponytail, who launched into an attack on sexism, accusing the women at the convention of imitating their male oppressors. He urged respect for all and predicted, somewhat mysteriously, that 'time is on our side.'" The delegates, these questions resolved, concluded by proposing Barry Commoner for President, and LaDonna Harris as running-person. Their choice was mailgrammed to the party's membership for final ratification.

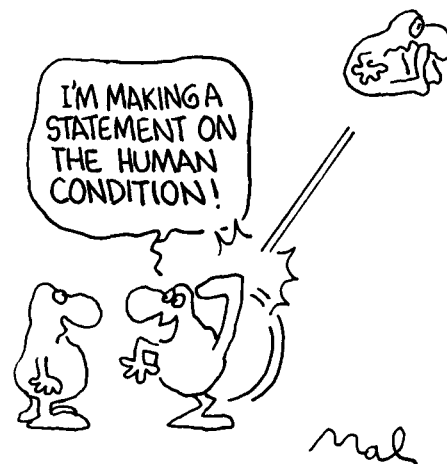
Barry Commoner was born May 28, 1917 in Brooklyn. He is another Ivy Leaguer—BA from Columbia, PhD from Harvard—and since 1953, he has been a professor of plant biology at Washington University in St. Louis. He first dabbled in politics in the nuclear test-ban campaign of the late Fifties, but

soon branched out into ecology and energy. "For a number of years," he complains, "I have walked into a polling booth holding my nose."

Commoner's contribution to fresh air is *dirigisme* disguised as democracy. Commoner would recharge the economy, he told *Rolling Stone*, "by fostering a photovoltaic industry; by encouraging farmers to develop gasohol . . .; by rebuilding the railroads; by embarking on a massive, long-term solar transition." All this requires careful government supervision, since "the only way to avoid a solar transition that benefits only the rich is to embark on it as a collective enterprise." Solar power is necessary, because, of the only other "renewable" sources, fusion may be chimerical, and the breeder reactor is even more dangerous than conventional fission reactors. All these last, meantime, should be shut down. As for oil, "it's the Texas oilfields we should be taking over, not the Middle East oilfields."

A CITIZENS Administration would not be able to take over Mideastern oilfields, or anything else, because it would have made "a very big cut" in the military budget. Some of this, Commoner has said, could be rebated in the form of tax cuts, though it's a good bet some of it would probably also have to be used to support such programs as "a guaranteed job for everyone who wants to work" and "stable prices for . . . food, fuel, housing, and medical care." In Commoner, the Citizens have found a mouthpiece for the social policies of William O. Douglas and the economics of Leon Trotsky. Such thinking is possible, as Samuel McCracken complained in a review of Commoner's *The Poverty of Power* in *NR* (February 2, 1979), "only in a rich country where a glut of everything masks the system that produces it."

How will the Citizens do? Here, like Vergil at the summit of Purgatory, I must depart—for prediction depends in part on the ability to project; analysis requires at least a spark of empathy. Citizens Party indeed; Faculty Club Party is more like it. Bring the All-Bran, and smokers need not apply. Give them 150,000 votes; if God punishes the Upper West Side before November, halve it. Now let me back to America. □



IN HIS recent study of American politics, liberal columnist David Broder pays unexpected homage to an upstart band of young conservatives.

Picking a series of pivotal events in our political history, Broder focuses on the September 1960 conference in Sharon, Connecticut which spawned the conservative youth group, Young Americans for Freedom. YAF was little noted at the time, and has often been derided as a cadre of "young fogies" in the interim. Despite all that, in Broder's view, it has managed to produce a generation of effective leaders with continuing impact on the nation's politics.

The accuracy of this analysis was suggested on the last weekend of September when leaders and members of YAF, past and present, assembled to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of its founding. Seven hundred people crowded into the Grand Ballroom of Washington's Mayflower Hotel to review the happenings of the past two decades, pay their respect to conservative leaders, and cheer the hoped-for victory of Ronald Reagan.

SDS No; YAF Yes

It was, in many respects, an unlikely reunion—certainly one that cut against the grain of orthodox opinion. In the conventional view of things, "youth" is ranged perpetually on the left, never on the right. Throughout the Sixties and the Seventies, we were relentlessly informed that campus activists would push us toward an era of augmented radicalism. Yet, now that the smoke has lifted, the "New Left" groups have all but vanished, while YAF is with us still, brimful of energy and affirmation.

The confidence and aggressiveness of the new conservatives were evident not only in the sizable turnout (at rather steep prices), but in the large number of political leaders and activists in the audience, the recitation of recent conservative triumphs, and the mood of optimism that pervaded the proceedings. These are folks, quite clearly, who think events are moving in their direction.

Suggesting the continuity of the enterprise, the parade of speakers spanned the generations. Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina started the evening off with a toast to freedom; Professor Russell Kirk received a much-deserved award for his numerous literary contributions to the cause, begin-

YAF AT TWENTY

The Conservative Mainstream

M. STANTON EVANS

ning with *The Conservative Mind*; the publisher of this magazine, William A. Rusher, introduced its editor, William F. Buckley Jr., who delivered the evening's principal address; and YAF Chairman James V. Lacy conferred a series of awards for public service in behalf of freedom.

The YAFers honored Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly for her battle against ERA; bestowed awards on Simas Kudirka, Polish freedom fighter Stefan Korbonski, and Chiang Ching-kuo, the president of Free China; gave a thundering ovation to Captain John McCain, POW-hero of Vietnam; and tendered an award to Reagan, accepted in his behalf by actor Mike Connors. Also receiving special recognition was Eddie Chiles, the Texas businessman whose radio commentaries on free enterprise have become a minor Southwest legend. All the speakers stressed the need for a fundamental change of political momentum, and seemed supremely confident that it was coming.

As important as the people on the dais, were the people in the audience, who help supply the sinews of conservative politics. The room was full of activists, political spokesmen, and others who have worked the conservative campaigns, raised the funds, and staffed the offices. Nearly all the conservative or-

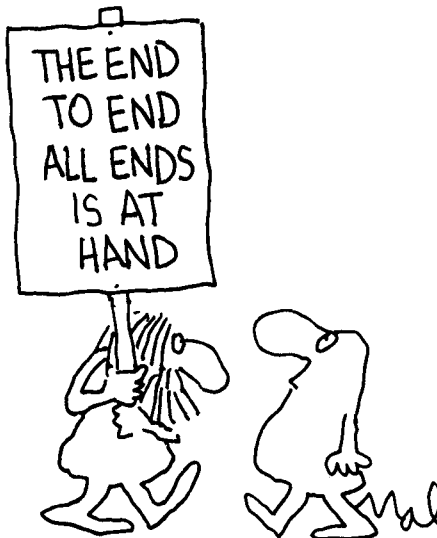
ganizations in Washington and around the country were represented, and nearly all of these in turn are products of the conservative youth movement on the campuses and beyond.

Among those in attendance were staffers of the American Conservative Union, the National Conservative Political Action Committee, the Conservative Victory Fund, and the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress; publishers James Linen IV and Jameson Campaigne Jr.; conservative political strategists David Keene and Dave Jones; *Human Events* editor Tom Winter and *Conservative Digest* editor John Lofton Jr.; political activists Frank Donatelli, Wayne Thorburn, Roger Stone, and Rick Abell; authors Douglas Caddy and James C. Roberts; direct-mail fund-raisers Richard Viguerie and Bruce Eberle; publicists Marvin Liebman and Lee Edwards; and countless others associated with the conservative youth effort.

No Laughing Matter

The upbeat mood at the Mayflower, in marked contrast to the embattled psychology of many previous such gatherings, obviously drew strength from the respectability afforded the conservative cause by Reagan's nomination, and from the general awareness that the country has been trending rightward. As a result of these developments, YAF's conservative beliefs, once considered hopelessly romantic, now seem pretty squarely in the mainstream. Somehow, limited government, the market economy, and defense of America's national interests overseas don't seem so laughable today as they did in 1960.

Channeling the mainstream in a more conservative direction has been, of course, the self-appointed mission of YAF and other conservative groups across the intervening decades. On the evidence of this anniversary, the effort has been far more successful than any of us back there at Sharon could possibly have imagined. □



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The Road to Theocracy?

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

BEGINNING AUGUST 17, the *New York Times* published a four-part analysis of what its headline called "Ultraconservative Evangelicals: A Surging New Force in Politics." Other major news organs, both print and electronic, have preceded and followed the *Times* with major stories of their own. Christians in public life, and particularly Christian preachers seeking to influence public life, are now front-page news.

Much coverage—such as, egregiously, the 1978 CBS television special, *Born Again*—has indulged in oversimplification and ridicule. By contrast, the *Times* series is sober, accurate, and relatively evenhanded. Nevertheless, it does perpetuate a number of misunderstandings about this "surging new force."

By way of background, we may observe that among America's Christian denominations, the Roman Catholics have always been interested in influencing legislation and taking part in the formulation of public policy. Protestant groups with a strong ethnic solidarity, especially those whose roots are in countries with a state church, have also felt quite free to interact with and to seek to influence secular government; the Christian Reformed (Calvinists of Dutch origin) and the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod (largely German, from nineteenth century immigration) have not been timid in this respect. Liberal Protestants, the inheritors of the old established or semi-established Protestant churches of colonial and early post-Revolutionary days, have tended to regard themselves both as the proprietors and as the conscience of government. The temperance movement—leading to the ill-fated Prohibition experiment following World War I—and the Civil Rights movement of the 1960s

were both powered in large measure by liberal Protestant zeal for political and social action. But what may be the largest group of American Protestants, the group that we loosely call the evangelicals, has generally adopted a quietist posture. Baptists of varying denominational ties, and especially Southern Baptists, the largest Protestant denomination, have a long-standing tradition of total separation of church and state. This has effectively prevented significant Baptist input into public policy formation even in states where Baptists are a majority of the electorate.

Not of This World

Among what the media now tend to call "evangelicals," we must distinguish between those who are primarily evangelistic, i.e., concerned with making converts to Christ, and those who are strongly separatistic, i.e., concerned not only with conversions, but with maintaining purity of doctrine and separation from the world and its ways. The first group may be said to be symbolically headed by Billy Graham and the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, the second by Dr. Bob Jones Jr. and Bob Jones University; this second group might better be designated "fundamentalists." Graham-style evangelicals have largely shunned political influence because of their paramount concern for evangelization, while separatistic fundamentalists such as Jones have done so because they do not wish to become entangled with the world.

What has happened to draw the attention of the various news media is nothing short of a dramatic change in attitude among this very large evangelical-fundamentalist segment of the population from quietism to vigorous activism. There is no doubt that this sudden political awakening of the "born-again" is having a perceptible effect on state and national politics.

It is quite apparent that not only Car-

ter and his associates but major elements in the media view this surge as a menace and are doing what they can to dampen it. Because of the way it is being portrayed, some conservatives are more than a little apprehensive about their new allies. Specifically, by deliberate or accidental oversimplification and caricaturing, many reports are giving the impression that the evangelical-fundamentalist surge is leading our nation toward a theocracy in the Puritan style. Those who would welcome the new Christian support on particular issues—such as opposition to abortion or support for the free market—will be reluctant to accept it if they fear that they will thereby be subjecting themselves to some kind of theocratic supervision by a regiment of fundamentalist television evangelists.

In fact, there are dangers in this new surge, even for political conservatives who largely agree with the goals it is supporting, but there is also tremendous value. It would be a shame to lose the value because of a misunderstanding of possible dangers. For this reason, it is necessary to analyze the phenomenon a bit more sensitively than the *Times* and other observers have done.

Although it may do little good to quarrel over labels, we ought to point out that the term "ultraconservative evangelicals," employed by the *Times*, is ill-chosen. The people in question—Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, James Robison, to name three of the most prominent—really are not "evangelicals" but fundamentalists. This is precisely why the movement is so powerful. The broader, looser "evangelical" community is used to seeking consensus; the fundamentalists, long disdained by liberal Protestants and frequently an embarrassment to the religiously similar but socially different evangelicals, are used to fighting.

In addition, the general evangelical community includes a large number of moderate social and political liberals. The fundamentalist community is almost entirely conservative politically—although even here the term "ultraconservative" is misleading, inasmuch as it is usually perceived as describing political and economic values, while the fundamentalists are far more interested in moral values and in questions of personal and community life-styles. Even though fundamentalists may now take

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stands on issues such as national defense and economic policy, it took moral issues such as abortion and homosexual rights to jar them out of decades of quiescence. What the fundamentalists are in effect demonstrating is that traditional moral values still have a very large following among the American public, and that a system of government that is preoccupied with political expediency has succeeded in alienating a large percentage of its once thoroughly dutiful citizenry.

The alarms sounded by the *Times* and some other media—to the effect that the movement seeks to “destroy pluralism,” to “impose values,” and ultimately to “establish a theocracy”—have some basis in fact, but they do not touch the heart of the evangelical-fundamentalist concern. These conservative evangelicals and fundamentalists are trying to get a new hearing for a concept that is as old as the Republic itself—the conviction that there are “laws of Nature, and of Nature’s God” (Jefferson’s words in the Declaration of Independence) which all human beings ought to recognize, observe, and heed. In other words, evangelicals and fundamentalists are trying to get government to acknowledge what the Yale historian Sydney Ahlstrom says is implicit in the Pledge of Allegiance: the principle that the United States Constitution is not the highest authority. Over the Constitution there is a God, and attention needs to be paid to His laws and to His will if the nation is to survive.

Pluralism v. God

Perhaps this conviction is no longer “viable”—as the current jargon has it—in late twentieth century America. But it is a conviction that ought to be discussed on its own terms, not dismissed on the grounds that it would “destroy pluralism.” To that the conservative evangelicals and fundamentalists simply reply, “If pluralism rejects the laws of God, it ought to be destroyed.” The evangelical-fundamentalist surge is hardly strong enough in itself to change the basic direction of American public policy, but if it finds a receptive hearing among others who believe in universally valid principles of justice, such as Roman Catholics and those who believe in natural law in general, it definitely can do so. And this

is no doubt why much of the attention directed at the new movement by the media is attempting to isolate them as “ultraconservatives,” obscurantist religious fanatics. Whatever we may wish to label the views held by the Moral Majority, the Religious Round Table, and other evangelical-fundamentalistic groups, such as the sanctity of life, the value of marital fidelity, and the importance of sexual morality, the simple fact is that they are not the peculiar property of “ultraconservatives” but command a large following all across America.

It is important to recognize that while these evangelicals and fundamentalists by no means want to create a theocracy—a church-ruled society—as some media coverage has suggested, they are concerned with *theonomy* (to borrow a word coined by Paul Tillich, who would be astonished to find himself in the service of the fundamentalists). By theonomy is meant the concept that the law of God should have normative value in society. Is this such an atrocious idea? It is implicit in the U.S. Constitution, and quite explicit in the Declaration of Independence, as well as in most if not all of our legislative and judicial history until very recent years.

Perhaps the two most significant individual actions in creating the present constellation of forces were the decision on the part of Francis Schaeffer to make abortion the focus of his battle and that of Jerry Falwell to break out of traditional fundamentalist political quietism and lead millions of television viewers with him.

When the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its epoch-making pro-abortion decision, *Roe v. Wade*, in 1973, Francis Schaeffer, the outstanding spiritual and intellectual leader of conservative evangelicalism in the English-speaking world, strode into battle. But the intellectual and spiritual ferment that Schaeffer has stirred would probably have remained limited to the more intellectual circles of evangelicals and fundamentalists—never very large—were it not for the tremendous visibility and financial power that nationwide religious television has given preachers such as Jerry Falwell, a Baptist pastor from Lynchburg, Va.

It is certainly significant, and in some ways unfortunate, that the symbolic leaders of middle-of-the-road evangelicalism (most notably Billy Graham

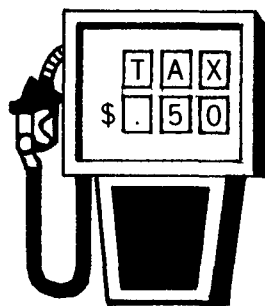
himself and those around him—his associate Leighton Ford, and Kenneth Kantzer of *Christianity Today*, for example) have not seen fit to identify with the concerns of Schaeffer and Falwell. *Christianity Today* has defended, in general terms, the legitimacy of Falwell’s efforts; Graham has kept his distance, voicing mild criticism of the activism of his fellow evangelist Falwell. Another Graham associate, W. Stanley Mooneyham of World Vision, has attacked Falwell’s movement with considerable energy. In consequence it is necessary to repeat that it is not so much the broad evangelicals around Graham as the fundamentalists, represented on the intellectual side by Schaeffer, on the populist side by Falwell, who are carrying the battle.

The Counterattack

From the perspective of one “ultra-conservative evangelical” or fundamentalist who certainly aligns himself with Schaeffer and Falwell, I could wish that their movement were really as characteristic of the “born-again” in America as the *Times* seems to think. I do believe, however, that although it is not yet really representative, the opposition it is engendering, not only in the media but also in government, will ultimately strike hard at all religious groups—including the cautious among the establishment evangelicals and the politically sensitive but vulnerable Roman Catholic hierarchy. A pro-abortion group, for example, has just filed suit in federal court to compel the Treasury to tax the Roman Catholic Church on the grounds that it is engaging in political activity by opposing abortion. This is only a sample of what every religious group seeking to speak out on political and social issues may have to face. If my analysis—that what the *Times* calls “ultraconservative” values are really only traditionalist Christian ones—is correct, then it will only be a matter of time before the rest of America’s religious groups also are forced to take a stand—either retreating to permanent political impotence in a total separation of church and state, or daring once more, in the tradition not only of St. Ambrose but also of Luther and Calvin—and even Abraham Lincoln—to apply the standards of divine justice to our secular society. □

The Fifty-Cent Tax on Gasoline

R. H. TIMBERLAKE JR.



REPRESENTATIVE John Anderson has proposed that the Federal Government impose a tax of 50¢ a gallon on gasoline at the pump. The idea is to force the general public to conserve petroleum by use of the price system.

Such a tax would be labeled "sumptuary" in the old-style economics textbooks, because the advertised intent is to reduce consumption of gasoline. Since gasoline faces a market demand not much affected by price changes, the tax also would generate significant amounts of government revenue. Anderson would use this revenue to reduce Social Security taxes. Others who favor stiff taxes on petro products, whether by an excise tax per gallon or by an excise tax on "windfall profits," would use the revenues to develop synthetic fuels and to subsidize windmills, solar collectors, and bicycle paths. A rather shocking commentary on this new regulatory proposal is that some true-blue conservatives also support the plan, among them William F. Buckley Jr.

A professional economist, looking at the support the Anderson proposal received from presidential candidates this spring and from would-be free-market conservatives, must wonder if the energy neurosis has cost everyone his ability to think. It is in the light of scientific reasoning and consideration of the available facts that the tax on gasoline should be judged.

Observe, first, that a tax which effectively limits consumption of a product is bound to be a poor revenue raiser. For if a tax is of a magnitude to limit consumption, sales volume of the prod-

uct is reduced correspondingly. Small sales volume means limited tax revenues.

But suppose gas consumption were effectively reduced and that sales volume were still large enough to provide substantial tax revenue. What, then, is the judgment on the Anderson-Buckley (A-B) tax proposal?

Federal, state, and local taxes on gasoline at the pump now range from 15¢ to 20¢ a gallon. The new federal "windfall profits" tax, an excise tax imposed at the refinery level, will add at least 10¢ a gallon to the existing tax structure, making total taxes 25¢ to 30¢ a gallon. The A-B tax would raise this total to 75¢ or 80¢ a gallon.

Oil, Wheat, Toothpicks

A tax on gasoline must be treated in the same fashion as a tax imposed on any other scarce resource. Petroleum is scarce; copper is scarce; wheat is scarce; toothpicks are scarce; everything bought and sold in markets is scarce. If these goods were not scarce, they would be free. As every beginning student of elementary economics learns, scarce goods and services are allocated most efficiently by means of private decision-making in markets. Everyone must pay the market price for goods and services, from a limited income. The individual, labeled "everyone," is both a participant in the market pricing process and a reactant to the prices he has helped determine. His, and everyone else's, decisions to buy or not to buy make up the market demand for any good or service. At the same time, the individual's choice to buy or not to buy is made on the supposition that market prices are fixed so far as his individual actions are concerned.

On the "other" side of the market, suppliers make the same kinds of decisions. Oil companies hire labor and buy drilling rigs and countless other items

to produce oil, with the thought that market prices are fixed. They affect the market price of gasoline by how much they supply. However, as individual suppliers they no more affect that price than the individual purchasers can alter price on the demand side.

This process allocates resources most efficiently. Individuals who buy and sell gasoline fit this product into their consumption and production schedules to accommodate their personal requirements or minimize their personal costs. These costs are of all types, some accountable by conventional methods and some not. Time, for example, is a scarce resource that people want to economize. It is a real cost whether it is explicitly accounted or not. A gasoline buyer realizes that the market price of gas has an explicit relationship to the cost of the car, tires, battery, and time. He realizes real returns in the convenience such transportation offers, the safety to himself and his family, and the comfort and independence that the automobile gives him. He fits the price of gas into his scheme of things for promoting his own welfare. His ability to produce goods or services on the supply side determines the income he has available for gasoline, food, clothing, shelter, etc.

A tax on gasoline, no matter how small or how large, upsets this economizing pattern. A small tax has small effects, and a large tax has large effects. If government taxes, for example, raise the price of gasoline from \$1.00 to \$1.80 a gallon, or by 80 per cent, buyers must change their buying patterns. They buy fewer complementary goods and more substitute goods—fewer tires and more bicycles. They also buy less convenience and safety, and more discomfort and danger; and they pay more precious time for traveling from here to there.

None of the tax benefits go to producers of petroleum products to encourage the supply of this scarce resource. So nothing is gained on the supply side. Rather, the tax revenues from the A-B plan would go to bail out the Social Security system or to subsidize alternative sources of energy that cannot generate enough market revenue to cover the costs of the resources they use up. Thus, the net effect of an excise tax on gasoline, or on any other good or service, is to make the economy function less efficiently (that is, produce less) than it

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otherwise would. It forces the public to produce and consume less gasoline *and* to buy more government "services," such as food stamps and other welfare giveaways.

No, no, no, say the proponents of the force tax. You forget that the principal reason for the tax is conservation. Remember we have to conserve scarce resources, such as petroleum.

Of course we have to conserve scarce resources. Petroleum is one such resource; but, as pointed out above, it is only one. Furthermore, petroleum has always been conserved to the extent necessary; and nothing suggests that such conservation would be abandoned if a force tax isn't instituted.

More Costly Resources

Consumers conserve gasoline by not consuming as much gasoline when the real price rises. However, if they are forced to use less gasoline, they must use other resources that are more costly in order to realize the same consumer benefits; and their collective ability to produce goods and services is also compromised.

Producers also conserve scarce resources. Producers of petroleum products, for example, to stay in business as cost-recovering enterprises, constantly explore for more raw materials—petroleum in this case. The resource inflow due to new discoveries and new explorations, and the outflow of usable finished petroleum products, actually has resulted in a constantly *increasing* stock of proven petroleum reserves. The petroleum companies, by bringing supplies to market with a view to realizing profits, in practice increase the stockpile of commercially available reserves.

Free market processes enlist real prices to ration goods and services. Not only do prices determine the disposition of goods in the present—that is, how much gasoline is consumed relative to the number of TV sets purchased—they also determine how much gasoline is to be made available today relative to the amount that will be made available a year from now. The people who own energy resources, or any other form of wealth, know that by stretching out the marketing of this finite supply they can maximize their revenues. At the same time, under a free market system they have the profit incentive to explore

for more of the product. The current market price, therefore, takes full account of the fact that supplies of energy or other exhaustible resources are finite. It includes, among other costs, the cost of conservation.

The existing and proposed taxes on gasoline upset the economizing behavior of both households (consumers) and business firms (producers). Any tax necessarily raises the market price of the product taxed. It forces consumers to turn to costlier substitutes, thus contributing to the misallocation of resources. Far from conserving resources, when all resources are considered together, it wastes them.

Unlike a higher market price for a product in a free market, the tax-inspired higher price does not reward producers and thereby encourage more production. Indeed, it may have the opposite effect. Government uses of this revenue are frequently counterproductive. They are used to support regulatory agencies that discourage production, and to subsidize competitive products that are inefficient.

In summary: the best tax policy for conserving gasoline and all other resources is no tax at all. If taxes must be levied they should be levied so as to interfere as little as possible with market economizing processes. □

A Comment by B

B differs from A on a significant point, namely the use to which the proposed tax revenues would be put. Indeed they should not be allocated to Social Security programs or energy-solving enterprises. They should be returned to taxpayers through across-the-board tax cuts. This was the proposal made a year ago by Andrew Tobias, which I then endorsed.

As to the arguments of Mr. Timberlake: they presuppose a model with which we are not contending. The price of oil is not, as he would have it, the market price of oil. It is the price imposed on consumers by an international

cartel. It is largely arbitrary, and is logically viewed not as the resultant of a supply-and-demand intersection, but as an arbitrary extraction based on the knowledge that, at a certain point, the demand for fuel is very nearly inelastic.

The objective of a 50¢ gas tax (Mr. Tobias recommends that the tax be raised by 50¢ per year until it hits \$2, and I endorse that recommendation) is to harness productive energy in the direction of conservation. This is done by putting a premium on high-performance automobiles, which (a point Mr. Timberlake overlooks) do not necessarily mean slower effective average speeds and a lot of wasted time. There are cars on the market that can reach 75 mph and achieve forty miles per gallon. The objective is to permit non-OPEC countries, our own primarily, to gain the time to resist the extortions of OPEC by developing self-subsistent energy sources and more efficient engines.

At current levels of consumption the United States is shipping to the Arab states approximately \$70 billion per year. The total value of all the shares on the New York Stock Exchange, which value was built up over a period of approximately five generations, is \$900 billion. Accordingly, we are shipping out of the country the value of our capital plant at a rate that would give up the whole of it in about 13 years—unless we do something. What? We could go to war against the OPEC powers, not unthinkable (ask Professor Robert Tucker, Johns Hopkins). Or we can discourage imports of foreign oil by market mechanisms. Since the money would flow back to the taxpayers, the resulting income transfer would be from high gas consumers to low gas consumers, not a big deal when you consider the madhouse money transfers we go in for already. Mr. Timberlake's horror at the proposed profanation suggests the proposal is new under the sun, whereas everyone knows that such taxes as A and B propose are less by a dollar or more than those that have for years prevailed in Western Europe and Japan, whose automobiles we are now importing because we were unprepared for the cartelization of the price of oil in 1973, because we stupidly insisted on controlling the price of local oil, and because in seven years we have taken no significant steps to improve the situation.

—WFB

What the President Means, Is . . .

DAMIAN HOUSMAN

MANY ANALYSTS greeted Presidential Directive 59 with the sort of derision reserved for any political ploy that is as transparent as it is useless. Released just before the Democratic National Convention, and without the prior knowledge of the Secretary of State, PD-59 appeared to be the Carter Administration's answer to the defense plank of the Republican platform. But the judgment that it can therefore be dismissed as mere campaign tactics may have been premature. A closer inspection of PD-59 reveals that it may fundamentally alter United States strategic policy in ways of which the public has not yet become aware.

Presidential Directive 59 is a still classified document which the Administration claims will add flexibility to this nation's strategic targeting doctrine, through increased emphasis on military (counterforce) targets, and decreased emphasis on civilian population (countervalue) targets. As far as it goes, this shift of emphasis brings U.S. targeting policy more in line with conservative principles concerning nuclear war, and goes a long way toward replacing the doctrine of mutual assured destruction (MAD), the cornerstone of our strategic policy since the mid-1960s.

The much discussed MAD doctrine relies upon the ability of both superpowers to effectively eliminate each other's society in a massive exchange of nuclear weapons. Thus, the doctrine goes, the populations of both countries are in effect held hostage, and the consequences of nuclear war would be so terrible that nuclear war becomes unthinkable by both sides. The problem with that theory is that the Soviets never believed it. There is ample evidence that the USSR has been moving toward superiority in strategic weapons, and has actually had such superiority for some time.

The conservative approach, needless to say, has always rejected MAD. There is a basic scenario that has appeared in

publications such as NATIONAL REVIEW over the past several years, and recently in the general press as well. The scenario posits a Soviet attack by approximately three hundred SS-18 missiles, aimed solely at our ICBM fields. That leaves 1,100 Soviet ICBMs plus all the Soviet Union's bombers and ballistic-missile submarines poised for another strike if the U.S. President should retaliate against Soviet cities. The President would have the choice of launching what is left of our strategic forces, thus inviting the Soviets to destroy our cities and most of our population, or surrendering.

WHEN PD-59 was announced shortly before the Democratic National Convention, Republican critics lost no time in pointing out that a shift toward counterforce, without the hardware to back it up, and under the retaliatory-launch policy, would be useless. And according to Administration plans, the hardware (MX, a manned bomber, etc.) will not be available until the late 1980s.

To put the question into perspective, some illustrative figures may be helpful. Today we have 1,053 ICBMs; let's round that down to an even thousand for ease of calculation. Leaving out our submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs), which are too small and inaccurate for use against hardened targets, a Soviet first strike would leave about one hundred Minuteman II and III missiles, in roughly equal numbers. This assumes the Soviets use 308 SS-18 ICBMs, with an average accuracy of 0.2 nautical miles, two warheads per silo to be sure of the kill. (Most SS-18s carry ten warheads of 600 kilotons, easily sufficient to destroy a silo at 0.2 nmi.)

Suppose we now retaliate. A Minuteman II has a single warhead, while a Minuteman III has three warheads. Our batch of one hundred mixed-version Minutemen have an average of two warheads apiece, or two hundred war-

heads total. Figuring a 10 per cent failure rate on launch, that leaves 180 warheads; if only thirty of them are defeated by Soviet ABMs, that leaves 150 warheads. Assume in addition that one hundred of our 150 penetration-capable B-52s get off the ground, and that half get through (an optimistic assumption considering Soviet air defenses). If each Minuteman warhead or B-52 can destroy one target (a very optimistic assumption), that means that two hundred hardened targets can be destroyed. The Soviets, having used their 308 SS-18s to knock out most of our silos, still have about 1,100 ICBM silos remaining. That means that our two hundred warheads will be assigned the task of destroying two hundred targets from amongst all the bomber bases, command, control, and communications (C³) installations, hardened military-industrial targets, SSBN bases, other military targets—and 1,100 ICBM silos. Even under SALT II, this Soviet ICBM force may represent over four thousand warheads, none of which need be targeted on an American missile silo. They are free to be targeted on our other military installations, and of course our cities. The situation does not markedly improve before the late 1980s, when the MX begins to reduce the vulnerability of our land-based deterrent force.

Clearly, the critics of PD-59 are right: we do not have the hardware for a retaliatory-launch counterforce strategy. But that does not mean PD-59 can be totally disregarded as a policy document. Indeed, it may be revelatory of a gigantic shift in U.S. nuclear policy away from retaliatory launch, which requires that warheads be actually detonating on American targets before the President will launch our forces. There are two other launch policies which are conceivable, and which the publicly released portions of PD-59 do not specifically renounce. Both policies would permit many more of our ICBM warheads to be placed on hardened Soviet military targets, but each has its own problems.

The first and least likely policy is "pre-emptive launch," or an actual first strike. It has the advantage of getting

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all our ICBMs out of their silos and all our bombers off their fields before they can be destroyed. However, since our ICBM force lacks the numbers, accuracy, and yield to take out all the Soviet strategic forces at one time; and since the Soviet weapons that would be likely to survive (SLBMs, remaining ICBMs, and bombers) would be mainly targeted on our cities; and since we do not today have an ABM system or adequately equipped air defenses, we must assume that we would be inviting a devastating retaliation. To this must be added the possibility that the knowledge that we were working with a pre-emptive policy would render the Soviets so insecure that they would launch their arsenal just to make sure it was not caught on the ground.

The other basic launch policy has two slightly different versions, known as Launch on Warning (LOW) and Launch under Attack (LUA). Both of these feature the launch of our strategic assets after a Soviet launch, but before sustaining any damage. To be effectively implemented with PD-59, Launch under Attack (representing both LUA and LOW) requires advanced sensors (including satellites), a sophisticated analysis system to characterize the attack, a revised target list, and effective and rapid C³ facilities. During the past year, three false alarms were triggered in the NORAD warning system, which were well reported in the press. It is unlikely that the American people would appreciate having the world plunged into nuclear war through a computer error. Such a thing would be impossible under a retaliatory-launch policy, but all too possible under LUA.

Not only does LUA stress the computer analysis system, it also relies heavily upon the use of warning satellites. The Soviets have recently made strides in the anti-satellite field, including both killer satellites and directed-beam weapons which could blind a satellite.

Although the military (and political) risk is high under the LUA doctrine, it appears, barring a pre-emptive strike doctrine, that LUA is the only way to make PD-59 work. There is also reason to believe that the Administration is actually considering LUA, and may even have implemented it. Evidence of this shift can be found in the *Congressional Record* of July 30, 1980, on page

S-10370. Senator George McGovern opened the proceedings by delivering a critical review of *The SALT Syndrome*, an anti-SALT II film produced by the American Security Council Education Foundation. This critical review was supported by comments from several official agencies of the U.S. Government, including the Department of Defense, Joint Chiefs of Staff, State Department, CIA, U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and National Security Council. In other words, it reflected the views and policies of the Carter Administration. One section of the review took issue with General Rowney's statement, in the film, that 308 SS-18s, each with ten large warheads of high accuracy, could devastate nearly all of our ICBMs in their silos. The Administration responded: "With or without heavy missiles, by the early 1980s, the Soviets will have a theoretical capability to destroy a substantial part of our Minuteman ICBM force in a pre-emptive attack—if they ignore our ability to launch under attack, and assume the massive pre-emptive attack would work as planned." This statement confirms that the Administration has been actively considering LUA and, in formulating PD-59, has implicitly adopted LUA as national policy. Perhaps this is why Secretary of State Muskie was circumvented.

PEOPLE who are not used to thinking seriously about military power are unlikely to understand it. When forced to consider it seriously, they tend to make mistakes in its application. Former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger tried, in 1974, to shift to a counterforce strategy. The difference between what Schlesinger attempted in 1974 and what the Administration is doing today, is the difference between those who understand power and those who do not.

In 1974, under the normal acquisition process, the MX was expected to be available by 1983. This could have been further accelerated. Instead, the initial deployment of MX has been delayed by one year for each year President Carter has been in office. In 1974, the B-1 was approaching a production decision. President Carter canceled the B-1 in 1977. In 1974, the Safeguard ABM system provided a degree of protection to our Minuteman ICBM fields. Today we

have no ABM, President Carter has taken no steps to deploy one, and our ICBMs have entered a period of unprecedented vulnerability.

It would be difficult to argue that Launch under Attack is unwarranted, given our present vulnerability; but it is a highly dangerous policy, and one which could have been avoided. If the Carter Administration had heeded the advice of defense-minded people of both parties and had taken the steps necessary to protect our deterrent force, we could have retained our longstanding ability to launch after a Soviet first strike. To bring about the highly desirable goal of responding in kind to an attack on our military installations, we have paid a price. That price is perpetual existence at the precipice, our continued good health dependent upon the operational perfection of a computer system whose imperfections are a matter of public record.

The state of that computer system is yet another index of the success of President Carter's defense policy. In each year of the Carter Administration, the Air Force has requested funds to upgrade and improve that system. It should be no surprise that every request was turned down, and only now is the Administration coming around to realize the importance of the system. Had the Carter years not been characterized by such poor judgment in the area of defense policy, America would not now be facing a future which includes Launch under Attack.

One would think that so momentous a change of strategic policy would have been accompanied by a great deal of public debate. However, PD-59 and the LUA doctrine necessitated by it (since not to adopt LUA would be to admit that PD-59 is a political ploy and a fraud) have escaped serious comment.

Many tough questions *should* be asked, and the answers to them will tell the American people once and for all whether PD-59 is simply a vote-getting fraud or whether it takes this country closer to war via computer error. It must be one or the other, unless Mr. Carter has come up with some invisible missiles to go along with his invisible bomber, invisible Navy, and invisible Army. It is an irony typical of this political season that PD-59 should come from a man who insists his opponent is trigger-happy. □

Abroad

Paris

Relaying America

France will supply \$300 million worth of equipment for a steel plant in the Soviet Union to fulfill a contract originally negotiated by a United States-Japanese consortium but canceled by Washington after the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. A group of French companies, including the giant Creusot-Loire enterprise, has made a deal to supply high-technology material to the Soviet installation at Novolipetsk, south of Moscow. However, there will be no transfer of production skills and techniques, which the Soviets are also seeking. This is the second time that French industry has taken over an American contract for political reasons. Last year, CIT Honeywell Bull, the French computer firm, sold a computer to the Soviet news agency TASS. The original computer contract with Sperry Univac was called off by President Carter two years ago to protest the imprisonment of Soviet dissidents. The computer was needed by the news agency to provide coverage for the Moscow Olympics last summer. The French government is said to have had second thoughts about the steel equipment deal, but its final approval was believed to have been influenced by France's big Communist-led union group, the CGT.

Vatican City

Shared Opposition

Recent visits to the Vatican by King Hussein of Jordan and Vice President Hosny Mubarak of Egypt have underlined the shared opposition of the Papacy and the Arab world to the new status of the Holy City, which the Knesset declared last July to be Israel's "perpetual and indivisible" capital. The Vatican has long considered that an international status is the only proper guarantee of the safety of and access to the Holy Places along guidelines which have been observed, formally and informally, since the British mandate of 1922. In a memorandum to members of the United Nations dated last June—that is, before the Knesset's decision—the Holy See asserted that "it would be a grave matter if any unilateral step were taken tending to change the status of the Holy City," and that "the meaning and value of Jerusalem are such as to override the interest of one single state." The law passed by the Knesset does indeed guarantee protection of and access to the Holy Places of the respective religions involved, but the Israeli position is that the United Nations can have no jurisdiction or power over the status of Jerusalem. Informed opinion in Vatican circles says that while the Pope is not necessarily seeking "allies" among the Arab governments on this question, these visits to the Vatican on the part of Arab leaders highlight the fact that there is a vital Christian stake in Jerusalem, a point often forgotten in the diplomacy of the "Christian" West.

Rangoon

Awakening

Burma may be on the verge of awakening from almost two decades of isolation from the rest of the world and becoming, inevitably, a political force in eastern Asia. Ever since

1962, when he deposed U Nu, the grand old man of Burmese independence, and assumed total power, Chief of State U Ne Win has led his country along the "Burmese path to socialism," which meant shutting out all exterior influence, refusing foreign contacts, including both trade and aid, and keeping his country and its 33 million Buddhist inhabitants within the framework of an agricultural economy. Two Japanese ministers, including the foreign minister, have been recent visitors to Rangoon, and have now been followed by Britain's Princess Alexandra and her husband, Angus Ogilvy, an occasion considered a sounding by London of its former colonial territory. Ne Win has also recently allowed the aged U Nu to return home from exile, and has imported English experts to restore the teaching of the language, forgotten for a generation. Economic assistance will certainly be needed if Burma is to re-enter the stream of world intercourse. There are only 100,000 automobiles in the entire country, most of them twenty to forty years old. The public buildings and other infrastructure have badly deteriorated; the newspapers are strictly censored; no political opposition is allowed. At the same time, foreign observers in Rangoon point out that Ne Win has avoided being dragged into either the Soviet or the Chinese orbit of influence, and has managed to sidestep any connection with the warfare that has ravaged neighboring Indochina for the past 25 years.

Much Wenlock, Shropshire

Bull

The British government will introduce a bill at the next session of Parliament making it illegal for farmers to keep bulls in fields crossed by public footpaths. The Ramblers Association has reported a growing number of protests on this score in recent months. Heretofore the question has been determined by local by-laws, but the Department of the Environment believes it should now be regulated by statute, and therefore has included it in a forthcoming Wildlife and Countryside Bill. The new law will not apply to bulls which are not of a recognized breed or which are accompanied by cows or calves.



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*

Rothco

"Pity—I just wanted to tell him he had a rebate coming."

Books Arts & Manners

Life on the Mississippi

JEANNE WACKER SOBRAN

Philosophy and Public Policy

By Sidney Hook

Southern Illinois University,

288 pp., \$17.50

At 78, Sidney Hook, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at New York University and Senior Research Fellow of Stanford's Hoover Institution, ought to be seen for what he is: a national resource, a kind of philosophical Mississippi. For fifty years, from his lair in wildest academe there has poured a flood of books and essays on vexed public issues as well as topics of professional concern. His conception of philosophy as the pursuit of wisdom has not of late been very fashionable in the academy. But it has had the virtue of making his thought accessible to a popular audience. Like me and others who had the good fortune to attend his classes, members of that audience could be inoculated against infectious totalitarianism by a real pro: a principled champion of democratic institutions, a formidable and fair-minded critic of those who weaken them, and a resourceful organizer who, for example, almost single-handedly spoiled a Soviet propaganda show staged at the Waldorf in 1949.

This latest volume by Hook collects pieces that have appeared in a variety of publications, spanning the period from 1945 to 1979. They are grouped under four heads: "Philosophy and Public Policy," "Freedom and Rights," "Heroes and Anti-Heroes," and "Religion and Culture." To my mind, the essay in the first section which displays his powers to best advantage is "Law and Anarchy," which appeared in 1971, at the end of a decade when laws and lawful procedures were flouted by mobs on street and campus, and learned apologists for them popped up all over the landscape. Hook's dissection of William O. Douglas's book *Points of Rebellion*—"one of the most bizarre writings ever penned by a member of the judiciary"—will give every connoisseur of polemics pleasure.

The second section contains the book's longest and perhaps most philosophically ambitious essay, "Reflections on Human Rights." Hook's careful analysis of this much abused notion resists summary, but his conclusion—that human rights are those we claim on behalf of others in virtue of their

membership not in a biological but in a moral community—is intuitively persuasive. One implication of his account is that we would not be prepared to accord such rights to those who willingly engage in or sanction morally abhorrent practices such as cannibalism, human sacrifice, genocide, or terrorism. Throughout this section Hook makes us keenly aware that not all the rights and freedoms that we are ready to honor in the abstract will in any concrete situation be mutually compatible. Nor, in his view, will any provisional ranking of them, however useful as a rule of thumb, spare us the toil of moral reflection and decision in the hard cases.

This section also contains three essays where Hook in effect explains why he is a socialist, a self-identification that has long baffled conservatives. He is apprehensive about what he terms the "totalitarian potential" of a collectivized economy, and says that "in the interests of freedom, it is wiser and safer to limit carefully the extent of socialization . . ." He is, however, also sure that conservative thinkers like Hayek and Friedman are wrong about the baleful effects of less comprehensive types of government intervention in the economy. He

thinks "the largely state-controlled economies of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and England . . . exist in countries in which there has been no abatement of traditional liberties." In the U.S., too, he believes, "with respect to every area of political and civil rights . . . our freedom is greater today than it has ever been . . ."

Now, the phrase "traditional liberties" seems, in Hook's scheme of things, to refer to two areas of freedom only: on the one hand, there are the individual freedoms of the Bill of Rights; on the other, the freedom of the citizenry as a whole to act politically, as a national entity. But there is another distinct area of freedom that he seems to ignore. That is the freedom of private institutions and voluntary associations of a sub-national sort—from churches and business organizations and universities down to Little League ball clubs and families—each to pursue its own ends and be governed by its own standards and rules. In this area, Hook seems oddly reluctant to admit that government actions have given serious cause for alarm. Despite his stated preference for multiple independent centers of economic power within a society, he appears to regard democratic political freedoms not just as necessary but as

Vic Gold, journalist, author, and occasional politician, was in *Better Days* a member of the Agnew staff. . . . **Alan L. Miller** is a freelance writer living in Michigan. . . . **Jeanne Wacker Sobran**, now a refugee from academe, received her PhD in philosophy from NYU. . . . **J. O. Tate** teaches English at Dowling College, in New York State.

sufficient by themselves to preserve all of our traditional liberties. The issues here are complex, but, if I have understood him rightly, I can only disagree.

An essay in the section headed "Heroes and Anti-Heroes" affords an engaging glimpse of Hook, the quintessential secular humanist, journeying deep into rural India to talk to Vinoba Bhave, a saintly man in the Gandhi tradition who started a mass movement to procure land for agricultural laborers by walking hundreds of miles, from village to village, begging gifts of land from rich landowners. After an arduous journey Hook finally comes face to face with the holy man encamped in the midst of crowds of his devout fellow beggars, and (it is hard to think of a scene more pregnant since Stanley greeted Livingston) opens the talk by asking whether any religious belief or doctrine is in Bhave's opinion essential to his program of land reform and social reconstruction.

The last section of the book continues Hook's standing quarrel with those who, in one way or another, link democracy to religion, and in the final essay, "The Autonomy of the Democratic Faith," he considers some pertinent historical arguments. He is surely right to say that organized religion has in the past "accommodated itself to all social systems and forms of government, no matter how tyrannical." He may also be correct in saying of religious movements and personalities who in the past have aided the cause of freedom that "what moved them in the main were moral insights and a complex of historical interests, shared by secular movements too, and not special theological dogmas." But the historical record also shows that the characteristic moral insights that have motivated champions of freedom in the West have been unmistakably Christian.

Take compassion, that ubiquitous energizer of modern political movements. As Clifford Orwin pointed out recently in a brilliant essay on that sentiment, compassion was not considered a virtue or held in high regard in antiquity. It was treated with a certain suspicion as being, like other passions, erratic and limited by the personal traits of him who feels it, with unfortunate consequences for justice. It was only with Christianity, and for reasons peculiar to that religion, that compassion came into its own as the political virtue

par excellence. Hook is right to insist that moral ideals do not necessarily require validation by religious dogma, that they may be validated also by experience or by reason. But the fact of the matter is that the moral heritage of the West is Christian, and it is in all our bones, whether we like it or not.

This sort of consideration makes it seem almost beside the point to insist, as Hook does, that "organized religion" has opposed "recognition of the rights of individual conscience, toleration of religious minorities, freedom of scientific inquiry, abolition of child labor, birth control, the use of anaesthetics, separation of church and state, and other liberal and humane practices." For those humane practices have not taken root where Christian values were not already present. No more has democracy. The historical record, it seems, allows more than one sort of reading. I am inclined to think that those who read it as showing the dependence of democracy not on just any religion but on the Christian religion may be reading the deeper pattern.

There are many lively essays in this volume to which no notice at all can be given. They make one rethink one's conclusions even when they fail to make one agree. Perhaps a writer of such lucid common sense on so many vexed topics ought to be celebrated not just as a national resource but as a national treasure. □

Go Quietly . . . or Else

By *Spiro T. Agnew*

Morrow, 288 pp., \$10.95

GOOD RIDDANCE

VIC GOLD

"I feared for my life. If a decision had been made to eliminate me—through an automobile accident, a fake suicide, or whatever—the order would not have been traced back to the White House any more than the 'get Castro' orders were traced to their source."

As a True Believer convinced of Spiro Agnew's innocence up to the very moment he rose in the federal courthouse in Baltimore to plead *nolo contendere*

to tax-evasion charges—it was at precisely 2:05 p.m., October 10, 1973—I would hope that one distant day, when all can be told, the former Vice President will see fit to write yet another apologia to explain what in God's name made him write this one.

Let's see now: an avaricious literary agent or heartless editor put a gun to his head and threatened him with a fake suicide, forfeiture of his advance, "or whatever." Yes, that has to be it. For like the impostor who entered his plea in that courthouse seven autumns ago, the author who claims this as his "own story of the events leading to his resignation" is hardly the Spiro T. Agnew we put our faith in.

In any event or untidy explication thereof, this is, alas, the tell-all story our fallen leader promised us back in those dark days when—in the words of a despondent James J. Kilpatrick—we were shaking our heads, tugging at Agnew's sleeve, and imploring him to "Say it ain't so, Spiro."

TO BE sure, there remains a sizable cadre of Agnewphiles still convinced that it never *was* so; that regardless of the fact that the former Vice President chose to quit rather than fight, the case against him was a political if not a legal frame-up. Following this thesis, Agnew's fall was engineered by the enemies he made from 1969 through 1972 as the Nixon Administration's most effective critic of the liberal Establishment—in particular, by the nabobs of national news who saw him as a Middle American political hero even more threatening to their privileged status than his despised boss in the White House.

For such Agnew diehards, this book—complete with a 64-page filler appendix of assorted briefs and memoranda bearing out Agnew's contention that he was victimized by tainted testimony and Justice Department leaks—should be adequate to satisfy any lingering questions about the former Vice President's resignation.

Adequate, but hardly more. For although the author does make the case that his federal prosecutors, with malice aforethought, had a pre-trial field day at his expense, he never quite comes to grips with the central question of why an innocent Spiro Agnew would have taken the expedient course of running

from a fight against his (and, therefore, *our*) enemies. Moreover, considering the magnitude of the wrong he describes—loss of reputation, of high office, of even the right to practice his profession—I would have expected the Agnew we knew to return to battle thundering at his tormentors. Instead, the distinct tone of this book—as illustrated by the author's absurd contention that he resigned because he was afraid the villainous Richard Nixon might have him rubbed out—is that of a man on a shrink's couch, sullenly telling all but not quite all.

Indeed, the former Vice President allows at the end that writing this book was "wonderful therapy," a literary purgative that has left him with only "a trace of bitterness, but no desire for revenge." Also, one gathers, no regrets regarding anything he might have done or left undone in his public career, save having placed his trust in a handful of weaklings who possessed so little grace as to turn state's evidence against a sitting Vice President when the Feds put the screws on.

"Contrition," as one hardnose in the Nixon White House put it during the Watergate period, "is bullshit." In the case of those guilty parties of the era who sought peace with their God, as well as their editors, by grinding out quick-buck books for Nixonphobes, the aphorizer might well have had a point. To the extent that the former Vice President was persuaded—I cannot believe it was his own idea—to lay the responsibility for his cop-out at Richard Nixon's overloaded doorstep, this story of the events leading to the courthouse in Baltimore, albeit not contrite, is nevertheless so much bullshit.

Too, too bad. Once Spiro Agnew stirred us with a brand of straight talk that we thought might have made him President. As I recall the slogan, it was

to be the Spiro of '76—the year that we ended up with Jimmy Carter. Considering that legacy, far better if our leader had left his True Believers to our memories of the contribution he made before his fall. In brief: go quietly, Spiro; in the name of sweet reason, just . . . begone. □

1929: America before the Crash

By Warren Sloat

Macmillan, 370 pp., \$14.95

THE OTHER AMERICA

ALAN L. MILLER

As the Carter economy has lurched from crisis to chaos, Americans have been wont to view the fiftieth anniversary of the Stock Market Crash less as a nostalgic milestone than as a grim suggestion of historical determinism. And as our leaders continue to assure us that the light of economic recovery beckons at the end of this dark tunnel of economic uncertainty, we are reminded of the bromides of half a century past which neither palliated the trauma of a national catastrophe nor hastened its end.

Perhaps to honor Santayana's warning, several publishers have produced studies of that fateful year when the American economy sputtered, stalled, and nosedived toward a crash that remains a permanent scar upon our national consciousness. Warren Sloat's narrative of this moment and the years that led to it is probably the best of the lot, despite his nagging tendency to take corporate greed as the root of all evil. If the historians of The Great Depression have arrived at anything approaching consensus on any point, it is that there are no simple explanations. However, Sloat's experience as a newspaperman has fortified him with an abiding skepticism; and while his credits include contributions to *Ramparts*, *The Nation*, and *Commonweal*, he has written an informative and well-documented book that is worth reading.

Writing in a style that combines the easy familiarity of Frederick Lewis Allen with the anecdotal urgency of Eric F. Goldman, Sloat seeks to explain those times by focusing upon a single event. On October 21, 1929, Henry Ford as-

sembled five hundred of America's technological and financial elite in Dearborn, Michigan to celebrate "Light's Golden Jubilee," a tribute to his good friend Thomas Edison on the fiftieth anniversary of his invention of the light bulb. With kaleidoscopic effect, Sloat's narrative caroms among these luminaries to fashion a prehistory for the economic maelstrom that would commence three days following the ceremony, on Black Thursday.

It was a breathtaking era, and the author's incisive profiles of those who made it so are no less fascinating. In addition to the enigmatic geniuses Ford and Edison are the legendary figures of John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, H. L. Mencken, Scott Fitzgerald, Will Rogers, Julius Rosenwald, Samuel Insull, Charles Schwab, Ernest Hemingway, Orville Wright, Otto Kahn, Marie Curie, Commander Byrd, Charles Lindbergh, Harvey Firestone, Charles Dawes, Walter Chrysler, and J. P. Morgan.

THE BEST and the brightest were harnessing the potential for unlimited growth through technological advances that would render obsolete such mundane nuisances as war and poverty. The stock market was unstoppable. RCA shares rose in value by 1,200 per cent in three years. A telegraph operator in a brokerage house made a million dollars in eight years, retired, and whisked his family away on a three-year world cruise.

Our destiny was manifest.

This science belched out of smokestacks and shot through braided cords of copper. It was an expression of the personality of Thomas Edison. Calling it commercialism was a disdainful and glib way of dismissing its power, for there was in such a practical science an expression of a democratic system, a science in the service of, and even influenced by, ordinary Americans who made their own choices as consumers. It faced into the society rather than away from it. It was informed by the entrepreneurial spirit. It was a technology created by those not merely interested in money, but writing their names in concrete. Edison's passion for glory was fed by ordinary people, and it was there, among the ordinary, that he sought it.

And just as dramatically came the decline. The crazy-quilt financial fabric unraveled and corporations disintegrated like cheap cloth. Titans of industry and finance were called before courts and



committees to explain the malaise. The memory of Henry Ford's spectacular \$30-million sale of automobiles to the Russians paled against the reality of unemployed autoworkers panhandling along the streets for nickels and dimes.

The unanswered question remains: How could this happen? *1929* does not offer any solutions. Rather, it harks back to a golden era when this nation felt itself on the verge of ultimate prosperity and achievement. Perhaps at no other time in our history were we so exuberantly confident in ourselves and our destiny. Even though Sloat's tone is admonitory and the air of impending disaster hovers over his story, it is refreshing in these days of diminished expectations to recall an America so sure of herself. □

FICTION

The Second Coming

By Walker Percy

Farrar, 360 pp., \$12.95

PERCY'S REPRISE

J. O. TATE

The distinguished author of *The Moviegoer* here offers his fifth novel: the further adventures of Will Barrett, the protagonist of *The Last Gentleman*. Will has grown older, but he is still a sort of water-witch of the soul. We would expect to meet his old flame, Kitty, and we do, though in a surprising form. Sutter Vaught is still in the picture. We would expect to find grits as soul food (check), at least one Confederate general mentioned more than once (J. E. B. Stuart this time, instead of Rooney Lee), plenty of golf and at least one reference to Bobby Jones (check, plus Sarazen, Snead, Hogan, and Nicklaus thrown in for good measure), and further exploration of Will's father's suicide (indeed).

Walker Percy has a genius for the particular: he knows what Jaymar Sansabelt slacks are, and who wears them; he knows the scent of Shalimar; he knows the difference between Greener and Sterlingworth shotguns; he knows all about green Winchester Super-X shotgun shells; he draws us a picture of a silver 6.9-litre Mercedes-Benz 450 SEL perched in a maple tree (that's the way

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM OCTOBER: Vladimir Lakshin, deputy editor of the "liberal" Soviet journal *Novy Mir* and now author of *Solzhenitsyn, Tvardovsky, and Novy Mir* (MIT, \$12.50), takes strenuous issue with Solzhenitsyn's portrait, in *The Oak and the Calf*, of the magazine's late editor, the poet Tvardovsky. Lakshin's own portrait of Solzhenitsyn depicts a greatly gifted artist but a badly flawed man. . . . *Treasure in Clay: The Autobiography of Fulton J. Sheen* (Doubleday, \$15.95) looks like a fascinating volume, the personal history of a sixty-year priesthood. The Archbishop died last year. . . . *The American South: Four Seasons of the Land* (Oxmoor, \$29.95) is a gorgeous book, with superb photographs by William A. Bake and a lovely lyric text by James J. Kilpatrick. It is certainly one of the most beautiful and successfully executed volumes of its kind. . . . *The Splendid Art of Opera: A Concise History* (Methuen, \$15), by Ethan Mordden, runs the historical

gamut of opera from *Orfeo* to *Sweeney Todd*.

■ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: In *Private Power: Multinational Corporations and the Survival of Our Planet* (Morrow, \$12.95) Axel Madsen offers the interesting revisionist argument that the survival of Spaceship Earth or whatever you want to call it depends upon the creation of giant companies. . . . Mark Harris's *Saul Bellow, Drumlin Woodchuck* (Georgia, \$9.95) is a biography originally intended to be the authorized life of the novelist. Bellow, however, was never amused by Harris, and will be even less amused by this unflattering portrait. . . . The subject of James Michener's latest novel, *The Covenant* (Random House, \$15.95), is two hundred years of South African history. For \$35 you can buy an autographed, limited-edition, volume. . . . *Indira Gandhi* (Little, Brown, \$15) is a biography by Dom Moraes, a poet, essayist, and former friend of the Indian Prime Minister. It is reported that Mrs. Gandhi refused to read the manuscript.

—CW

the Mercedes bends); he writes a prose poem to a Grand Crown stove. His use of detail is functional and subtle, and he has ears as well as eyes:

He looked down at the glossy brown club head. We used to call this club a spoon, he thought, not a three-wood. What do you think? he once asked an ancient black caddy at Sea Island. That's a *spoon* shot, the caddy said with a certain emphasis and a rising cadence and handed him the club with the complex but clear sense of what a *spoon* could do.

Now you choose a numbered club from the back of an electric cart.

The simplicity of such a modest passage should not deceive us, for we can extrapolate volumes about the development of golf, class relationships, economic and social changes, and the *lacrimae rerum*. The whole is transformed by a brief dramatization of a felt reality. Percy's sense of the past extends to objects as well as to people.

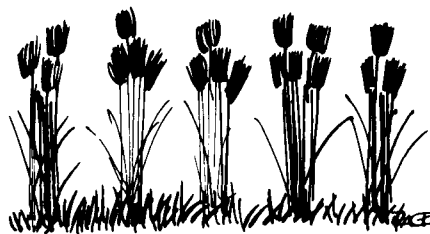
But Percy is after larger game than idiosyncratic and idiomatic felicities. Al-

though he is superbly well attuned to the American environment, he is no mechanical scribe. He is a serious writer of Existential sensibility who (oddly enough) is blessed with a sense of humor. His novels are haunted by the past, but also open to the future. Although he writes prophetically and apocalyptically in *The Second Coming* (as he did in *Love in the Ruins*), he is more interested in beginnings than endings. He is a novelist of Christian concerns, and this latest is not the only novel of his which we may call a divine comedy.

Percy has a sure sense of the spiritual motions and aberrations of our culture. "Things fell into place. Mysteries were revealed. Why could he not be a believer? Who were the believers now? Everyone. Everyone believed everything. We'll all from California now. Yet we believe with a kind of perfunctoriness."

"We're all from California now" may be a more painful half-truth than Nixon's "We're all Keynesians now." If we are indeed all from California now, then we will, like Will Barrett, spend a term in the old folks' home watching *Kojak*, *Hollywood Squares*, *M*A*S*H*, and *Search for Tomorrow*, and hearing Tom Snyder ask, "What is your sexual preference?" Perhaps we already have.

Percy enjoys a *point d'appui* we may properly call aristocratic: a matter of



both inheritance and accomplishment. The struggle to become involved, to "live a life," is familiar, and so is a picture of society viewed from the top. Percy's social scale marks most sharply the *arriviste*, for every Faulkner must have his Snopes. This is not the least service Percy has rendered the Republic.

Percy's interest in the pathological is ultimately metaphysical; he is a technician of the sacred. Fear and trembling becomes clinical depression, and Hausmann's syndrome is a matter of hydrogen ions and blood pH. Is there really a prescription for *wahnsinnige Sehnsucht*? Will Barrett learns more from facing death than from the doctors. Will must face his father's suicide—he is even haunted by the suicide in 1937 of the actor Ross Alexander. He calls his father "old mole," as Hamlet called his father's ghost. His descent into the earth is a plumbing of the grave: when in a spiritual spelunking he goes down into a cavern to press "the famous wager of Pascal, who was the last French intellectual who was not insane," he finds no eschatological sign, but he does find a reason to keep going. He moves through death toward life, as he must do. Later on, a reference to Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr in *King Solomon's Mines* is a sly reminder that Percy has always had more on his mind than moviegoing.

Mr. Percy's formidable powers are all on display; but we do not catch him at the top of his form. He makes mistakes. Why would his hero look for himself in mirrors "like Count Dracula"? Count Dracula did not register in mirrors, which is why he avoided them. And B-52s were not assembled at Martin Marietta. The development and coda of the novel are not in proportion with its exposition. Worse, Mr. Percy interrupts his text with several violations of the limited third-person point of view he establishes. After seeing through Will's eyes for pages, we find a lacuna in the text, and then: "So it was that Will Barrett went mad. His delusion and the strange pass it brought him to would be comical if it were not so serious. This unfortunate man . . ." etc. The intrusion of a nineteenth century omniscient narrator is a lapse of concentration that amounts to a failure of the imagination. This is telling, not showing, a surrender of control and a suspension of belief.

Another rhetorical weakness is an excess of questions—rhetorical ques-

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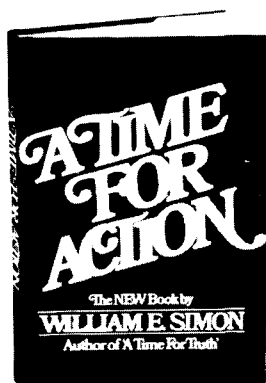
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tions, questions directed at the reader, as many as 18 interrogatives on page 18 alone. The reader is tempted to respond, "Don't ask me, buddy." And Will Barrett's romance with the daughter of his old flame, while not calculated to please the Boston Women's Collective, will not entirely satisfy the general reader either.

Even so, Walker Percy is unexcelled at representing his special province. He cannot be bettered at showing what it feels like to be alive in America now. His hero Will Barrett knows that "Peace is only better than war if peace is not hell too." He can conceive the question, "Hey you in the Mercedes, who won the war?" And he can say, "Death in none of its guises can prevail over me, because I know all the names of death." He will bare it, and will bear it. □

Horn of Africa

By Philip Caputo

Holt, 496 pp., \$12.95

STARTING OVER

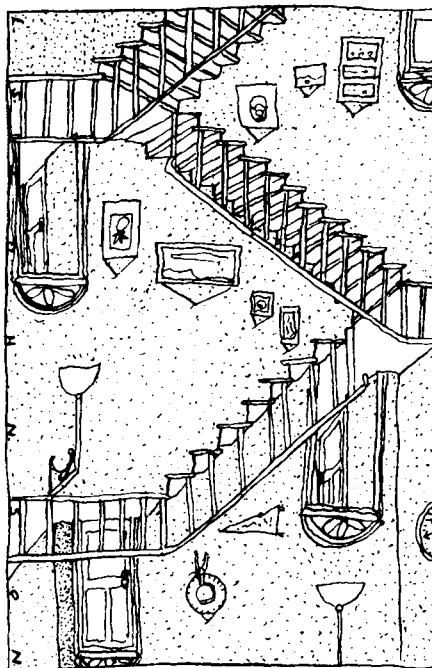
D. KEITH MANO

Someday I'm gonna review *Crime and Punishment* or *Bleak House* as if it were a first novel on the 1981 fall list at Overrun Press: "... promising but rather pretentious, I await his next ..." The Review Syndicate, particularly around New York, has become Muscle Beach for heads. A new Bellow novel doesn't quite interface with animal symbolism in *Henderson*; on the other hand it has *Herzogian* resonance, you know, derived from *Augie March* through Heidegger or Bellow's last divorce. Horse gas. Every book is a separate and enclosed thing: of voting age, accountable. Separate even from the author. And review-work should have similar immediacy: the morning-after passion slake that might attend an intimate tryst with strangers: regret, lust, joy, betrayal, vigorous boredom. The rest is, zzzzzzz, literary criticism.

Philip Caputo last wrote *A Rumor of War*: indisputably the most consequential and terrific Vietnam memoir: alone, it almost made our involvement there worthwhile. Still, I don't see why Caputo should be penalized (or reward-

ed) for former brilliance. Every reviewer from the *NYT* to the *Block Island Bi-valve* will compare *Rumor* and *Horn of Africa*. Oh, there are coy parallels; the temptation is like a ripe carbuncle. Yet, for our purposes, *Horn*—novel, not memoir—was written by Phil X.

And Phil X can write well enough. In *Horn* he has glued together a very big protagonist. Fine with me: hell, Moby Dick was no take-out from Arthur Treacher's: I prefer a large subject. But Nordstrand, the overreacher, the Hwang-Do expert Mr. Kurtz, the spiker of human morality, is rather like Pilt-down Man: myth made from three or four semi-persuasive forged bones. Nordstrand will trog into fictional Bejaya (near Sudan/Ethiopia and, after this book, probably eligible for UN membership) on a rogue CIA mission. His intent, however, is to become Lawrence of Bejaya and, eventually, rule over mucho sand. Charles Gage, the first-person narrator, tells us: "His mainspring was an abiding need to be himself by fulfilling a criminal fantasy . . . savagery was freedom; society was confinement." With this will come the usual initiation: motiveless murder; and a lot of banal existentialist gefuffling. Moreover, Nordstrand, savage, has gone and done the most heinous civilized act: has brought along 18 volumes of his diary for Gage to read. Self-propaganda, yes: but also a device that allows Phil X to explain Nordstrand without shifting narrative voice. And when Gage is finished,



Nordstrand will be about as mysterious and provocative as a first-in, first-out inventory.

Mr. X has the defect of his considerable virtues. *Horn*, though this may sound unlikely, is too intelligent: too structured and accurate: too industrious. X, for instance, has 20-20 hearing where dialogue is involved. Egyptian and Ethiopian, Greek and hash seller blow garlic or *kat* in your ear: camels break most articulate wind. But the three CIA men—Nordstrand, Gage, and Moody—are playing *No Exit* in a boisterous crowd. They seem to be one expressionist person. Nordstrand the spectacular beast; "too reasonable," British Moody; and Gage, who is that ambivalent item in between: name it conscience or judge (gauge?) or what you will. X has a stake in Gage's reportorial fairness: he is terribly disengaged: something to be fought over by beast and reason and all Bejaya. This makes him wonderfully insipid. You don't much care. As for Nordstrand: his tone, beside that of any camel driver, is either merely loud or a dialect peculiar to Northern Monomania. X, I've said, owns a splendid ear: unfortunately he has never heard Nordstrand speak.

AND X is an excellent conservator of detail: nothing has been left uncatalogued. His thing-imagery is quite fine. Bombs have gone off: "It was as though I were looking through the foggy window of a car racing over a bumpy road." X is obsessive, though: he will want to explain everything, perhaps because he was once a correspondent (damn, I'm not supposed to know that) and doesn't trust the readership. Consequently, *Horn* is overlong by at least 15 per cent: half the opening section could be cut, and a lot of diary. Fiction can stand silences; fiction actually requires them. But X will tell all: and when description becomes interior his prose is eyeless. "There in the Forest of Darkness he had been given an instant of enlightenment into the darkness within himself and it was an illumination as strange, as terrible, as magical, as a sunburst at midnight." Perfunctory writing, better omitted. Sand, a Kalashnikov rifle, Bejayan factions, clothing: they flourish under that sort of reportorial nosiness. But you can't send wire-service copy from inside someone's head.

Don't misread me. *Horn of Africa* is

sometimes a compelling book. I mean only that it is more often a compulsive book. I was impressed: but frequently the way a captive seaman might be, by force not by art. Nonetheless, I await Phil Y's next. □

FILM

JIMMIE BLACKSMITH (PART II)

JOHN SIMON

What makes *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* so extraordinary (to resume where we left off last time) is the straightforward way in which it achieves its enormous poignancy. Even the reptiles, birds, and insects we glimpse at intervals do more than provide the obligatory nature refrain in wilderness movies. With the exception of a shot of fledglings fed by a parent bird, followed rather too obviously by a shot of a kindly schoolmaster waving goodbye to his pupils, the giant lizards, snakes, and the rest have a way of looking anxious rather than picturesque, as innocent and threatened as the aborigines. But they are also beautiful even if ghostly, like those white birds behind the final titles that drift aimlessly above an emerald landscape.

There are flaws in this wonderful film. I have already mentioned the difficulty of understanding some of the talk, black or white. The scenes in the native shantytowns are especially hard to follow, partly because of the opaque speech and partly because of the elliptical cutting. And occasionally the film does get a trifle tendentious, as in the scene in which Jimmie, Mort, and their hostage, the schoolteacher McCreadie, seek out a native initiation ground. That the sacred spot should be defaced by garbage and graffiti I can believe, but that there should be obscenities writ large by turn-of-the-century Australians all over it seems to me exaggerated, straining. And our not learning what happens to Jimmie's innocent wife after she is pronounced guilty by the court may constitute an unnecessary lacuna.

Yet how restrained Schepisi makes

his most impassioned points! For example, Jimmie's "declaration of war" against the whites is based on what he overhears much earlier about the British having declared war on the Boers. When Jimmie asks what "declaring war" means, a skeptic answers, "It means you can officially go in and shoot the buggers . . . till they agree with you or leave you alone." That is what Jimmie wants, but the parallel is not belabored by the film. Thus, too, the political machinations surrounding Jimmie's execution—which must not cloud the joy of Federation—are evoked with curt irony, concisely and without undue underlining.

The whites, though treated severely by the film—as they seem amply to deserve—are not turned into obvious monsters. Well, the policeman Farrell is a fairly complete beast, and Stead, the fiancé of the slain schoolmistress Miss Graf, is an unmitigated fanatic. But over against them there is the decent though confused Pastor Neville, who dimly comprehends the whites' responsibility for Jimmie's furor and fall. And a companion keeps sensibly urging Stead to give up the useless pursuit: somewhere, somehow, fate will catch up with Jimmie. Yes, the attitude of the men who kill poor Mort is disgusting: they have themselves photographed grinning and with their feet on the corpse as on a hunting trophy.

Contrariwise, the local butcher and executioner, Hyberry, is scrupulously non-committal; to a fool gushing about what a thrill it must be to face Jimmie as one hangs him, Hyberry coldly replies: "I don't face them. I don't say a word to them. I'm just part of the apparatus." Yet this, too, in its cold abstractness, contrasts unfavorably with the unpremeditated passion with which Jimmie carries out his massacres—initially merely wounding Mrs. Newby, and becoming uncontrollably lethal only when reminded of Miss Graf's provocations.

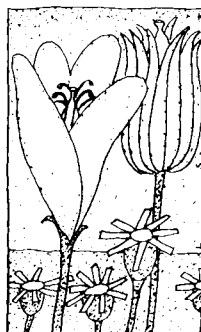
The most complex characterization of a white is that of McCreadie, the teacher and counterpart to Miss Graf. He is a provocative mixture of bravery and hypochondria, common sense and self-pity, practicalness and absurdity. And this ambivalence that can exist within

an individual characterizes also the society at large; thus Mrs. Neville has nothing but hate for the murderous youth she helped rear, whereas her husband despondently comments, "These are violent times . . . Look at all the wars." Particularly effective is the closing scene, in which Mr. Neville visits Jimmie in the death cell, prays with him, and, distraught, mumbles: "I feel very responsible . . . We don't feel it's entirely your . . ." while, through the peephole, Hyberry scrutinizes the youth he will hang. Noting Jimmie's unusually developed neck muscles, he nevertheless concludes—a butcher calmly assessing methods of slaughter—"There should be no problems." Neville and Jimmie are shot in compassionate closeup; Hyberry evaluates the neck muscles in a medium-long shot to which the peephole supplies a natural iris effect—obviously an uninvolved, indeed unfeeling, way of shooting the scene. This juxtaposition of shots recapitulates the film's theme: the maddening inconsistency—kindness from some, injustice from most—that drives the aborigine to distraction and destruction.

Repeatedly, Schepisi gives us food for thought without cramming it down our throats. Mrs. Blacksmith, condemned, is led away by nuns; Jimmie, wounded and exhausted, falls asleep in the guest room of a convent he has sneaked into and is, on discovery, handed over to the police by the nuns.

No antimonastic propaganda here, yet a nagging question about what is charity inevitably invades us. And consider the very whiteness of the convent bed in which Jimmie succumbs to sleep—so uncannily, ominously, terribly white as can bode no good to a fugitive black.

PERHAPS the most painful and moving aspect of the film is the relationship between Jimmie and Mort: half-brothers who love yet do not understand each other and who, unwittingly, prove each other's undoing. Mort's visit to his just-married kinsman causes Newby to put the fatal screws on Jimmie; Jimmie drags Mort into his suicidal race war. Yet each in his own way makes sacrifices for the other, and when they fight between themselves it is a further symbol of the native world's disintegration. Christianity, as McCreadie says, has



only bugged up Jimmie; indirectly, it also buggers up Mort and Tabidgi.

The powerfulness of Schepisi's technique is revealed in the strongly visual way in which he communicates the horror of Jimmie's wounding and its consequences. The youth is swimming across a river when three members of the posse open fire on him, and one shot carries off half his lower jaw. As Jimmie swims submerged, we see only blood bubbling up in the water and the dreadful joy of the hunter who has wounded his quarry. But the whites with their horses cannot cross the river, from which Jimmie emerges with his jaw hideously halved and bleeding. For the rest of the movie we see him (the makeup job is brilliant) made profoundly pitiful by disfigurement and pain. He is like one of those wounded animals that escape from a trap by forfeiting a paw; he runs and vainly presses native remedies to a wound that will not heal. As the hungry Jimmie robs a wild bees' hive of its honey, as the angry insects swarm around him, and as he can barely open the truncated jaw with the blood blackly congealed on it to swallow the honey, we experience an ache of commiseration few films have elicited from us.

SCHEPISI, assisted by his wife, has cast the picture superbly. Not only are the performances by both white professionals and black amateurs exquisite in themselves, but they also blend flawlessly with one another. And everyone looks right: the Australian farmers, laborers, petty officials exude benightedness, even stupidity, which at first seems to excuse their harshness to blacks, yet ultimately makes them appear even more inhuman and guilty. It may be that Tommy Lewis, then a 19-year-old college student, was not entirely up to the complex demands of playing Jimmie, but Schepisi knows how to create a mood through positioning of his actors, use of light, framing of a shot, which relieves the young amateur of excessive histrionic burdens. Bruce Smeaton's discreet musical score helps; even more so does Ian Baker's cinematography that seems to paint on milk glass, and achieves both translucency and a matte finish, as if a pastel were smouldering.

Past Australian films—even the better ones, such as *My Brilliant Career*—have

tended to bog down in parochialism. *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* is universal, and not just because of obvious parallels with other nations' treatment of their colored minorities. No, what makes the film so ecumenical and moving is the pathetic incomprehension that thickens its air. There is hardly a scene involving more than one character that does not convey a sense of cross-purposes—of stated or unstated, conscious or unconscious, misunderstanding or inability to understand. This is a deeper sadness than that caused by reversal and loss; it is the sadness of not even being able to find, to share, to begin living in earnest. □

TELEVISION

THE HIVE AND THE TUBE

JOSEPH SOBRAN

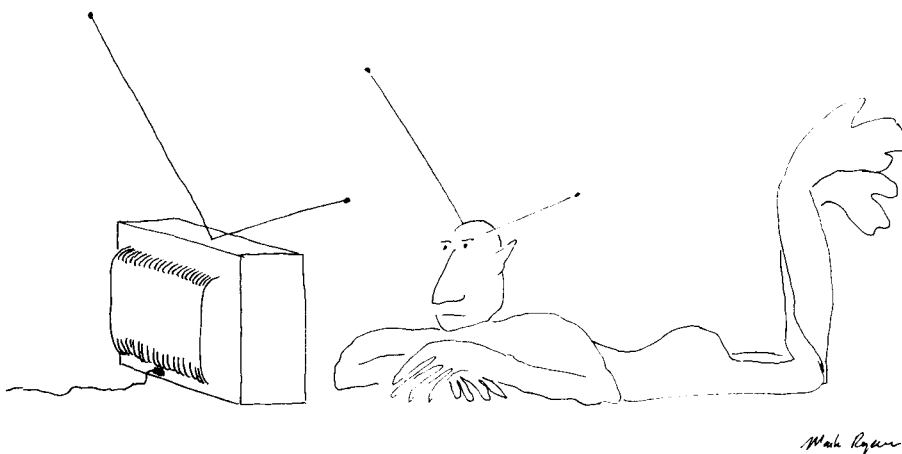
The world socialist enterprise is easier to grasp if you think of it as a kind of beehive. As a beehive has a queen, workers, and drones, all of whom cooperate by spontaneous instinct, so the Socialist Hive includes Communists, socialists, social democrats, and liberals. All of them aim at magnifying the state in human life. With that tacit bond amongst them, they act in harmony against common enemies: entities like the United States, the Catholic Church, and the present government of Chile, and institutions like the family, religion in general, private education, private

property—anything that resists satellization by the state. Conspiracy is marginal: a bee needn't comprehend the hive's system in order to subserve it.

With this in mind I watched the public-television showing of the BBC-produced *Nuclear Nightmares*, a documentary about the horrors of total war. The usual stuff: maps, interviews, film clips, agglutinated by the narration of Peter Ustinov. All very monitory—and pure Hive propaganda. Most public TV is, to some extent. The state is very self-flattering.

On the surface, it was evenhandedly scathing: Ustinov using his considerable gift for feline sarcasm in scorn of both "superpowers." Superpowers are oafishly arrogant, you know—full of powerlust and self-righteousness and suspicion that their enemies are about to do them in. When it came to cases, though, Ustinov's mockery was reserved exclusively for America, right down to American accents. High-minded sort of chap, wot? Especially considering that the filmmakers had a good deal of access to the American side, with ample interviews of American officials, military and civilian.

We were told that it was nobody's fault, really, this arms madness. The Americans developed the atomic bomb in fear of Hitler, the Russians in fear of the Americans. No mention of the man John Fox has called "that neglected figure of twentieth century history, Josef Stalin." We were told that the Soviets act the way they do only because they are surrounded by hostile forces. We were told—if I understood one cryptic remark aright—that the American attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran was the equivalent of the Soviet attack on Afghanistan.



Naturally, words like "totalitarian" were discreetly avoided. Ustinov gave no hint that there were vast differences between the systems of government of the two giants (all superpowers look alike to him, I suppose) or that these might have some bearing on their postures toward the rest of the world. Far be it from Ustinov to suggest that a regime that relies on force and fear to control its own subjects might use these same means to maximize its international power. Or that his own documentary might contribute to that power.

Not that it was intended to be, exactly. But as the drones and workers don't sting each other, so liberals (who by now are pretty much unconfessed, even unconscious, socialists) don't attack Communists. They much prefer to criticize and deride free societies. The explicit message was that the whole arms race is silly and fraught with menace; the qualification that emerged was that you couldn't really blame the Soviets too much for their part in it.

The bigger the state gets, the more aggressively it advertises its virtues. Public education, especially at the higher levels, serves to initiate the young into the Hive (as Alvin Gouldner practically crows in his book *The Future of Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class*). Public television, predictably, supplements this process. The unstated assumption behind Ustinov's flippancies is that anti-socialism is unthinkable.



THE HOLOCAUST the Holocaust—has taken on a sacred character, such that an enormous controversy attended the casting of anti-Zionist Vanessa Redgrave as a half-Jewish survivor of Auschwitz. The fight serves to stress the growing rift between Jews and the Hive—long overdue, too, since the Jewish love affair with socialism has been unrequited. Socialists like to forget what "Nazi" is short for. (The very term "National Socialism" has been banned in the USSR since 1932.)

Miss Redgrave played Fania Fénelon as she plays everything, sensitively; though for my money she overused the saintly, stunned stare that proclaims a Victim. *Playing for Time*, the story of women who were spared at Auschwitz that they might entertain the Nazi brass as musicians, was certainly several cuts above last year's *Holocaust*; but

it did set me to wondering why Hitler's exterminations have assumed such mythic centrality, when, statistically, they didn't even approach the record Stalin had already set.

Part of the answer is of course that Hitler focused on one race with diabolic intensity. Besides, he lost. His crimes were discovered and photographed, and can be seen, now, in coffee-table books; Stalin's crimes have had to reach us by report and inference, since no occupation force has moved into the Gulag camps with cameras.

Beyond that, the Hive hates Hitler in a particular way, and wants to hold him aloft as the epitome of its enemies. It is eager to convince the world that the principal evil of our time is not socialism but racism. Hence socialism "claims" the Holocaust even as it condemns Zionism as racism; hence, too, the Trotskyist Miss Redgrave's proprietary eagerness to play the victim of racism—who at one points cries out in exasperation against all distinctions of race, religion, nationality. Just as socialism does. □

DELETATIONS

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

NIKA HAZELTON

In the distance, you see Co-op City, New York's giant apartment complex on the suburban northern edge of the Bronx. But the house and the gardens are from a gracious, quiet past. I am talking of the Bartow-Pell Mansion in Pelham Bay Park, which Robert Bartow built in 1836-1842 on a site where one of his ancestors, Thomas Pell, had bought land from the Siwaney Indians in 1654. Four generations of Pells had lived here on Long Island Sound in what was once the Manor of Pelham, and it was fitting that Robert Bartow should buy back some of the land that they had by then sold. The Bartows lived here until 1883, when the City of New York bought the house and two hundred acres of land as part of its new Pelham Bay Park. The Park duly came into being, but the house and carriage house were sorely neglected.

We learned all this on a lovely summer day, when my husband and I went to see the Bartow-Pell Mansion at the invitation of Mrs. Gerald O'Reilly. She is a member of the International Garden Club, which in 1914 raised \$100,000 to restore the house and its vanishing gardens. Restoration of the main rooms began in 1945, and the house and gardens were opened to the public in 1946. Today, New York City maintains the exterior and nine acres of surrounding grounds, and the Garden Club is responsible for the interior and the gardens. The Bartow-Pell Mansion was declared a National Landmark in 1977.

WE DROVE through a little wood to find a most distinguished large two-story house, with a restrained Neoclassical façade of unpolished grey granite with white trim. We went inside, up a small flight of steps, and met Mrs. Robinson, the Club's president, who was kind enough to give us the grand tour of the house.

What you see first, in the spacious center hall, is a magnificent free-standing staircase that curves up to the attics, with a long, graceful balustrade which any child (and many grownups) would long to slide down. All the rooms are large and light, with unusually high ceilings. The walls are painted in the pastel colors of the times, and the pure white woodwork is very beautiful and delicate; we admired especially the elaborate doorways to twin parlors now furnished as a drawing room and a dining room, each with a splendid mantelpiece.

The furnishings are those of an early nineteenth century New York mansion, in the Federal style, elegant and exquisite. I coveted the satin-covered mahogany chairs in the drawing room and the richly carved 1826 mahogany-veneer sideboard in the dining room, not to mention some Duncan Phyfe lyre-backed chairs in the sitting room upstairs; and I wished I could afford the upholsterer responsible for all the hangings.

Some of the furnishings belong to the Bartow-Pell Mansion, but many of them are on loan, from the Metropolitan Museum and from the Museum of the City of New York, of which the house is a part. In one of the upstairs bedrooms we saw a monumental French bed on loan from the great-granddaughter of the man who had it made

in the late eighteenth century. I was especially impressed with the *couronne de lit* attached to the bed by heavy braces and hung with heavy red satin. Like the red satin bedspread, it gave the whole an air of refined passion.

Neither my husband nor I have ever been in a house-museum that felt less like a museum. The house is livable—one could move right in with the family. It was made for easy, elegant living indoors and out, and this atmosphere has been preserved.

The grounds surrounding the house are large and, apart from the formal gardens, heavily wooded and bounded by an inlet of Long Island Sound. There is a sense of complete seclusion and privacy here, although Bartow-Pell Mansion is within the limits of metropolitan New York. The back of the house overlooks Long Island Sound, and from it, flights of steps lead to a formal sunken garden with a reflecting pool. Three magnificent iron gates shut the gardens off from the neighboring woods. We walked past a fragrant eighteenth century herb garden and down a rhododendron path under a canopy of chestnut trees, to the small Pell family cemetery, and felt that the Pells would be well pleased with their home today.

I can't think of any major city in the world which has erased its past as successfully as New York; so the Bartow-Pell Mansion gives us far more than aesthetic pleasure. For a lasting memory I highly recommend *Mansion Menus*, a cookbook collected by the members and friends of the Bartow-Pell Museum. The excellent recipes have been thoroughly tested, and their professional presentation makes them easy to follow. I have used the book since the day I got it, collecting praise and admiration for the things I have cooked from it. (For a copy, write to Bartow-Pell Mansion Museum, Pelham Bay Park, N.Y. 10464; \$8.75.) But above

all, go see the house and gardens. The Museum will make special arrangements for guided tours and luncheon tours. (For information, telephone 212-885-1461. Bartow-Pell Mansion Museum and Gardens, open to the public on Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday from 1 to 5 P.M., approximately 15 miles from midtown Manhattan. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE CHILEAN SPRING, by Fernando Alegria, translated by Stephen Fredman (*Latin American Literary Review Press*, 160 pp., \$7.95). This imagined journal by a (real) young photographer-journalist executed by the military shortly after the fall of the Allende government on September 11, 1973 throws no light whatever on Chile's cataclysmic shift from Left to Right. The preface quotes approvingly Allende's misguided assessment of "This grey and bitter moment, when treason is in the ascendant . . ."; it follows that not a clue is offered to explain why the middle class revolted, why the armed forces eventually joined in, and why Allende proved incapable of ruling once he had brought the economy down in ruins.

SELDEN RODMAN

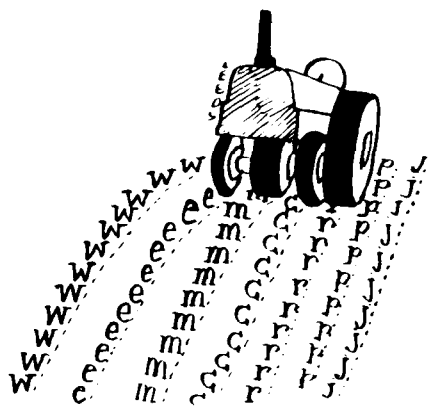
DESEGREGATED SCHOOLS, edited by Ray C. Rist (*Academic Press*, 242 pp., \$14). The great liberal dream of the 1950s and '60s was that more interaction between the races—forcibly imposed if necessary—would end racism and lead to a new era of harmony. The dream was plausible. If racism is the result of ignorance, then familiarity with other races should cure it. Alas, there was never much hard evidence that things would work that way, and in recent years scholars such as Nancy St. John have found that racial integration in schools, if it has any effect at all, makes the races more ill-disposed toward each other. Where Miss St. John dealt with numbers—summarizing the results of student attitude surveys—the present volume takes us into desegregated schools to look in detail at the dynamics of relations between the races. We find, not spectacular disasters, but rather a series of quiet hurts. Riots, fights, racial taunts, and overt hatred are rare. But genuine good-feeling is equally rare. Blacks who become too friendly with whites are ostracized by fellow blacks. When whites are displaced from extracurricular activities they disparage the activities they formerly dominated, and withdraw to other organizations from which blacks are subtly excluded. When black athletes begin to dominate team sports at a formerly all-white school, attendance plummets, and the white community withdraws its (pre-

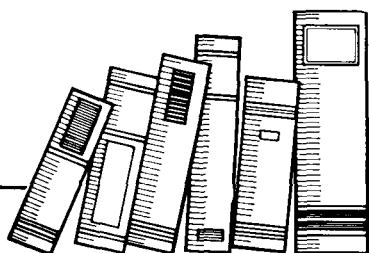
viously generous) financial support. The blacks don't play team ball, but seek individually to impress college scouts. Meanwhile, the blacks in the community from which the students are bused lament the loss of their school, a source of community pride and cohesion. The authors never draw any hard conclusions from any of this. They may, for all one can tell, be of the we've-got-to-try-much-harder-to-make-integration-work school. But the implications are clear enough.

JOHN C. MCADAMS

HOW WASHINGTON REALLY WORKS, by Charles Peters (*Addison-Wesley*, 146 pp., \$10.95). I am normally suspicious of any book which purports to tell the "real" story behind anything, but Charles Peters's book is an exception. The iconoclastic editor of the respected *Washington Monthly* has set out to show that Washington really *doesn't* work and that everyone in our nation's capital is dedicated to concealing this fact from the public. Elections, he says, really don't make all that much difference in how we are governed. This is because the real power lies, not in the hands of elected officials, but with the unaccountable, uncontrollable bureaucracy, which he calls the "Permanent Government." The name of the game in Washington is survival: no one, or almost no one, who has tasted the power and glamor of life in Washington can stomach the thought of returning home to an ordinary job. The result of this self-preservationist ideology is to place one's career and job security even above the public interest and welfare. Now, Mr. Peters is not saying that Washington is devoid of conscientious, hard-working people who believe in the job they are there to do; what he is saying is that such people are decidedly in the minority. Mr. Peters calls the Washington game "make believe." The President proclaims new initiatives which are rarely followed up with action. Congress appropriates huge sums, the spending of which is not accounted for in any intelligent sense. The press pretends to be hard-nosed, cynical, and objective but, in fact, is so spoiled by the perks available in Washington that it too is now part of the game. Military officers are more interested in promotions than in defeating the enemy. The important thing to remember is that this is not a conspiracy; it's just that everyone wants to survive, and so goes along to get along. The only feasible way, Mr. Peters says, to restore some accountability to Washington is, ironically, to return to the system of political patronage. He believes that as many as half of the government's 2.9 million employees could be politically appointed. The message to the politicians under such a system would be clear: Either your people do a good job, or you will lose yours.

JOHN A. BARNES





Dark Horses

FOR READERS of this journal, a book by pluperfect liberal David Halberstam must seem a very dark horse indeed. Yet Halberstam's door-stopping study of the media, just issued in paperback, does have its useful moments.

The Powers That Be (Dell, \$3.50) is, to be sure, gravely flawed. It is too long by half, and could have used some stringent editing: Halberstam has a penchant for breathless, fan-mag prose (everybody, it seems, is the best, or greatest, reporter, editor, broadcast mogul, or press lord of his generation); and his political ideas seem to have been lifted, without the humor, from a Jules Feiffer cartoon.

Despite all this, the book contains important information. Halberstam piles on the facts about *Time*, the *Washington Post*, CBS, and the *Los Angeles Times* in great profusion, with bonus offerings about his alma mater, the *New York Times*, and sidelong glances at the wire services, *Newsweek*, NBC, and other media outlets. If you disregard the Manichean political judgments ("reactionary" forces forever battling "progressive" agents of the future), you can learn a lot from his researches.

There is much here about the power struggles within the media—things that are seldom reported by the press itself. Of particular interest is the Byzantine interior of the *Post*, which Halberstam depicts in some detail. His discussion of the manipulations, madness, and ultimate suicide of publisher Philip Graham is downright eerie.

Above all else, Halberstam's study should lay to rest the notion that the major, "establishment" media are non-political entities, chastely observing affairs of state from the fastness of the First Amendment. He demonstrates that most of them are, and have been, up to their ears in politics—pulling strings to get their way, telling us only what they think we need to know in given situations, building up certain personalities and causes and knocking down others. He provides countless vignettes

that go to prove the point: Henry Luce setting out to discredit Bob Taft and nominate Eisenhower; David Schoenbrun of CBS coaching Eisenhower (his former boss) on the campaign trail; Ben Bradlee (then of *Newsweek*) playing political footsie with Jack Kennedy; Graham wheeling and dealing with Kennedy and Johnson; LBJ calling on high CBS and NBC officials to serve as his advisors; etc.

Concerning Luce and the '52 Republican nomination, Halberstam tells us: "The real decision, the real hard and difficult choice, had been the decision to destroy an old friend like Bob Taft. That decision, one which was as much moral as it was journalistic, was terrible for Luce. . . . Taft could be defeated only if Eisenhower were invented as a candidate. . . . In his later years, Luce took personal credit for gaining Eisenhower the nomination."

ALL OF which is more or less what conservative Republicans have been saying for years, but couldn't prove. Now a prominent liberal journalist has documented the point in some detail. The part that annoys Halberstam the most, it seems, is the way the "establishment" media supported Kennedy and Johnson in their foreign policy initiatives, principally Vietnam. Apparently it is only when the establishment goes against the enthusiasms of the Left that we are entitled to the truth about its workings.

Should Halberstam's study whet your appetite for further data about the power of the press, *Who Owns the Media?* (Harmony Books, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016; \$8.95) is recommended. A rigidly empirical study of the concentration issue, it tells us who owns what newspapers, magazines, TV and radio stations, and cable systems, and the numerous interconnections among these enterprises. Bottom line: While there has been increasing concentration in certain segments of the media, there is increasing competition among these segments for the attention of the public. —M. STANTON EVANS

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[Jeffrey] ST. JOHN

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The Inexplicable Mr. Carter

On
The Right

New York, Sept. 29—Jimmy Carter's statement to the labor convention in L.A. that America has the choice of war or peace, according as America votes for Reagan or Carter, tells us more about the ravenous ambition of the President of the United States than about the objective international order. One of these days those of us who all along have conceded to Mr. Carter that he is a genuinely moral man are going to have to give up on that argument. Genuinely moral men do not put their ambition to stay in power as the absolutely first order of national business. Mr. Carter does. If, in order to effect reelection, he had to say that Reagan was suffering from sickle-cell anemia, it is difficult, given the record, to suggest he would hesitate.

But consider, then, the objective situation at the moment. Mr. Carter has been Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of this country for almost four years. A war has broken out between Iraq and Iran. We cannot now know what will be the final reaches of that war, but we do know this, that if it should actually go so far as to threaten the closure of the Strait of Hormuz, we do not know what we could do about it.

CERTAINLY we do not know what we could do about it if the Soviet Union were to announce that, say at the invitation of Iran, the Soviet military would undertake to prevent third parties from intervening. How could the Soviet Union do this? By using its Backfire bombers, launched from Afghanistan, or for that matter from elsewhere, to threaten any Western vessels that approached the Strait with the objective of escorting the oil tankers out of the Persian Gulf. Well, couldn't we do something about that? Well, yes we could; we could instruct our fighter pilots, through an airplane carrier, to shoot down the Backfire bombers. And wouldn't that be a triumph of diplomacy.

Or does President Carter have something else in mind, I mean other than next November's electoral count? His studied neglect of the area isn't a figment of the imagination of the Republican Party. We have a couple of battalions of Marines in the area that could show up just in

time to get mowed down by either the Iraqis or the Iranians, whose existing forces number 12 to 15 divisions each. Or we could energize our Rapid Deployment Force and maybe land a division in the area in two weeks, a second in, oh, two months. Where? Well, an interesting question. Our failure to take any initiative in Oman makes it unlikely that in this particular heat we'd be welcome there. We've lost the Horn. If Saudi Arabia would give us sanctuary, it would be only because it felt itself ultimately threatened. More likely, a show of overwhelming force by the Soviet Union would find most of the countries in the area, with the bright exception of Israel, slowly caving in. Finlandization in amber.

Or? Well, we could threaten the Soviet Union with nuclear retaliation. Yes, we continue to have that option. But it is the objective of a sane foreign policy to avoid having to resort to that alternative, and our impotence in the Near East is directly the result of a lack of forethought by our military planners, led by Mr. Carter. Isn't it, by the way, overdue for the Secretary of Defense, Mr. Brown, to remove himself from Washington and return to academic life, at which he is said to excel? He may be as good at teaching as he is bad at military planning. But even as we are sucked into this whirlpool, as madness descends on the Near East, all we can hear from Mr. Carter is that Ronald Reagan, of all people, would bring us war. Ronald Reagan has with a near monotonous consistency preached the necessity for strong rearmament in our conventional capability. He, and a number of prescient senators and military strategists—conspicuously Henry Kissinger—have called for action, concerted with our allies, to insulate the Persian Gulf from the effects of intramural strife. It is as plausible to say that Ronald Reagan would bring war as it would be to say that Jimmy Carter would bring an end to inflation.

We are left with the Soviet Union, expressing itself in *Izvestia*, declaring that the West is guilty of inciting the present conflict. *Izvestia* is closer than usual to the truth. But for U.S. policy, e.g., in Iran, it is unlikely that the stability of the area would be so threatened. □

CHILEAN FEVER

New York, Oct. 10—
Writing for the London
Observer, Professor John

Kenneth Galbraith, while gloating over the continuing unemployment and inflation under Mrs. Thatcher, paused to remark that the kind of economic austerity recommended by Professor Milton Friedman as a cure for inflation never works, and he cited Chile as another example.

Mr. Galbraith, who loves a fight, was here guilty of hit-and-run: not like him, because he is a resourceful adversary. Chile is, simply, a bad example. When the military coup overthrew Allende in September 1973, inflation was running at just under 1,000 per cent. Now it is running at 28 per cent. That's progress. It would be the equivalent, in America, of reducing our inflation of 10 per cent to inflation of 0.28 per cent, which is where it would be if we took the advice of Milton Friedman, and prohibited the reading of the opera of John Kenneth Galbraith except to take pleasure in their high literary quality.

But was it worth it, given the austerity? There are 13 per cent unemployed in Chile; but these get free medical care, subsistence jobs, free schooling, and subsidized housing. The 87 per cent who are employed are increasing their income at a rate of 8 per cent per year, one of the highest growth rates in the world. The customs duties imposed by Allende are sharply reduced, so that more and more automobiles are available, and foreign goods of every kind. The balance of trade is favorable, international loans punctually repaid.

BUT YOU can't say anything much about Chile without pausing every moment or two to profess your loathing of Pinochet. If a Pinochet attempted to take over the government of the United States, I'd like to think that I would be found at the barricades with most of my friends. But if a Pinochet were leading a coup in this country against a President Allende, I would cheer him on.

Cheer Pinochet on? Yup. That is exactly what Allende's predecessor, beloved of social democrats the world over, did when Allende was brought down. Eduardo Frei was in Madrid during the coup, and his statement was: "The military have saved

Chile and all of us whose lives are certainly not as important as Chile's, but they are human lives, and many, and all of them are not yet safe because the armed forces continue discovering hideouts and arsenals. A civil war was being well prepared by the Marxists. And that is what the world does not know, refuses to know."

Mind, that was seven years ago, and Frei is now the enemy of Pinochet, which is perfectly understandable: Frei was head of a political party, and Pinochet does not permit organized political opposition, although he seems rather relaxed about unorganized political opposition. The same Frei whose presidency was followed by the same Allende whom Frei accused of plotting a civil war to strip Chileans of those few freedoms Allende had not already taken from them, presided over a huge rally in Chile opposing Pinochet's recent plebiscite (Pinochet got 71 per cent of the women, 63 per cent of the men), at which eight thousand people roared out their disapproval of Pinochet. Unhappily, Mr. Frei has mitigated his resistance to Chilean Marxists, who were all over the place that night. The three actors there, representing High Culture, were all members of the Communist Party (Nissim Sharin, Delfina Guzman, Roberto Parada).

PINOCHET is a strongman in the tradition of Francisco Franco. Such folk are not welcome in societies that can govern themselves peaceably and with a respect for the rights of the minority. They are inevitable in such societies as can't. And the question is then: How bad a strongman are you going to get?

The Institute for Policy Studies in Washington is a left-wing think tank with which Orlando Letelier was associated until his assassination. It was a matter of fleeting embarrassment to the IPS that among the papers found on Letelier's body was documentation that he was receiving money from Castro via Allende's daughter, living in Cuba and married to a Cuban who is a high official in the Castro equivalent of the KGB. The IPS people recently put out a book on the assassination of Letelier a measure of whose objectivity is given in their classification of Pinochet's regime as "the most repressive since the destruction of Nazism," which would make Pinochet worse than, oh, Idi Amin, Castro, Stalin, and Pol Pot, among others.

It is to the credit of the *New York Times* that its writer Edward Schumacher introduced a little perspective into the situation in a recent substantial dispatch from Chile, the headline of which, really, tells it all: PEACE HAS A PRICE, BUT CHILEANS SEEM WILLING TO PAY. □

THE ORDEAL OF ROBERT BAUMAN

New York, Oct. 6— One week before the story broke, Robert Bauman and his

wife, Carol—as appealing as when, twenty years earlier, the three of us had convened with a number of others to found the Young Americans for Freedom, whose anniversary we were now celebrating—were talking, before the formal festivities began, in Washington. Bauman asked after a mutual friend, and I reported that he was, finally, on the wagon. "Is he with AA?" Bauman asked. I said I didn't know. "I hope so. I couldn't have managed without AA." I was astonished, having no idea that Bob Bauman had a problem with alcohol. "That's right. I haven't had a drink since April." Carol smiled; there was pride in her expression, also sadness.

Later in the evening, chatting with an old friend as the program unfolded, Carol said something inexplicable. She said she privately wished that her husband would "get out of politics." Discussing her statement the next morning my friend and I deduced that the political life evidently accosted Bob with too many temptations to drink: all those cocktail parties, the strain of public speaking, the general hecticness. It is rumored that Gerald Ford's half-hearted bid to return to public life was influenced by the fear that immersion in it would undermine his wife's newfound resolution to live without sedatives and alcohol. It is a commonly accepted truism that politics is a breeding ground for alcoholism.

But to separate Bob Bauman from politics seemed inconceivable. He was reared in politics. As a boy, he served Congress as a page. A few years after Young Americans for Freedom was founded, Bauman became its president. While practicing law, he never diminished the intensity of his interest in politics, or the passion of his conviction that the course of modern America was wayward, wayward quite comprehensively, in foreign policy, in domestic policy, and in deteriorating personal and family standards.

In due course he won his seat in Congress, and so diligently did he apply himself to mastering the techniques of parliamentary art that time and again he would singlehandedly tie up that body in knots, leaving the Speaker of the House in a state of jibbering frustration. Even then he was unsated. He took over the chairmanship of the American Conservative Union, which (once again) he and I and others had had a hand in founding, and flogged life and energy into it. At the Convention in Detroit he was everywhere, singing his song, robustly, cheerfully, uncompromisingly. He spoke from an unadulterated passion. He defended the

standard virtues. In Congress, he attacked with the same enthusiasm treaties he disapproved of, and vices he disapproved of. He voted twice against extending to homosexuals rights and privileges owing to others. He was not (in the memory of a colleague) mean on the subject; he took, rather, the position that society ought not to encourage those who suffer from sexual frailty. And then, of course, last weekend it transpired that, during his alcoholic bouts, he himself engaged in homosexual acts.

His public statement was a model of docility. He was, he said, a sinner, and as a sinner he had sought, and effected, a reconciliation with his God, confident that God would forgive him; as God will, as his friends do. In the Catholic Church confession and forgiveness require penance, and we do not know nor would inquire what mortification the priest exacted of Bob Bauman. We have only the public ledger, and it reveals that the prosecution (there was a complaint filed, by a 16-year-old boy) has agreed to permit his liberty in return for his agreement to pursue psychic medication. He is, we can suppose, at peace with the Lord, with the courts, and with his family—and friends. But there is the other problem, unresolved at this writing.

Robert Bauman should resign from Congress, and resign, also, his various positions in conservative organizations, conspicuously his chairmanship of the American Conservative Union. In part he should do this as an act of contrition. In part as an act of loyalty. There are institutions he sought to serve, and did serve. But in doing so, he ordained standards of conduct which he himself transgressed. Congressman Richmond of Brooklyn, a season ago, dealt with a young male prostitute, and shortly after was re-elected. But Mr. Richmond, while repenting his act, never stood as a spokesman for a code of behavior which he expressly violated.

It should never be supposed that sinners cannot effectively rail against sin, else there would be total silence, everywhere. But the cause of Robert Bauman, which he served with such passion, such buoyancy and charm, exacts of its spokesmen a certain spiritual candor, a spirit of meekness toward abiding truths. Bob Bauman is as welcome in my home today, as yesterday. But to his friends and supporters he owes an obligation, and it is to accept, as John Profumo in Great Britain accepted, retirement from public life, with the assurance that only so will he effect that complete recovery that, his friends confidently pray, he will find in private pastures. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Radio's first greatest comedian

37 194 109 48 55 192 149 172 4

B. A day of supplication for Roman Catholics

54 144 85 152 175 181 158 6

C. Charitable

60 19 50 69 132 72 156 10 26 34
137 3

D. These are eaten with coffee and bet against dollars

110 121 128 96 102 182 136 56 61

E. Said again, as James E. Carter, Jr.

92 11 129 86 140 183 103 35

F. Mob rule

112 44 160 186 5 67 166 177 134 143

G. Jacob's daughter by Leah

150 25 178 118 17

H. To bewitch

154 168 139 176 18 97 58

I. Persons to whom the law would give a decedent's property if he died intestate

7 33 76 84 90 16 43 98 23 31

J. Surname of an astronomer and his poetess sister

171 63 9 57 74 79

K. Long time associates on U. S. Supreme Court and frequent chess or checkers opponents

13 42 36 53 93 77 81 91 22 40
104 115 64

L. The East

45 170 27 184 51 138

M. One of Esau's fathers-in-law

65 105 38 28

N. Except

83 39 119 187 66 127

O. Things, goods, or animals taken by way of distress

2 8 62 14 46 120

P. A piece cut out of the whole

101 21 106 111 179 163 131

Q. Rubbish

116 20 73 24 47

R. A tributary to the Mississippi River

126 195 99 88 165

S. Part of a pound (weight)

135 89 125 188 107

T. Outlandish

145 180 146 169 196 189 29

U. The act of plunging forward

185 148 157 113 133

V. One that swears to an affidavit

1 117 193 30 124 151 123

W. An indirect question involving alternatives

87 32 142 159 59 167 68

X. A contemporary comedian; first name Henny

41 95 190 71 108 153 80 162

Y. Unscramble POEMS

75 49 174 147 164

Z. Fit for a king

130 100 82 191 78

a. To abide by or adhere to decided cases

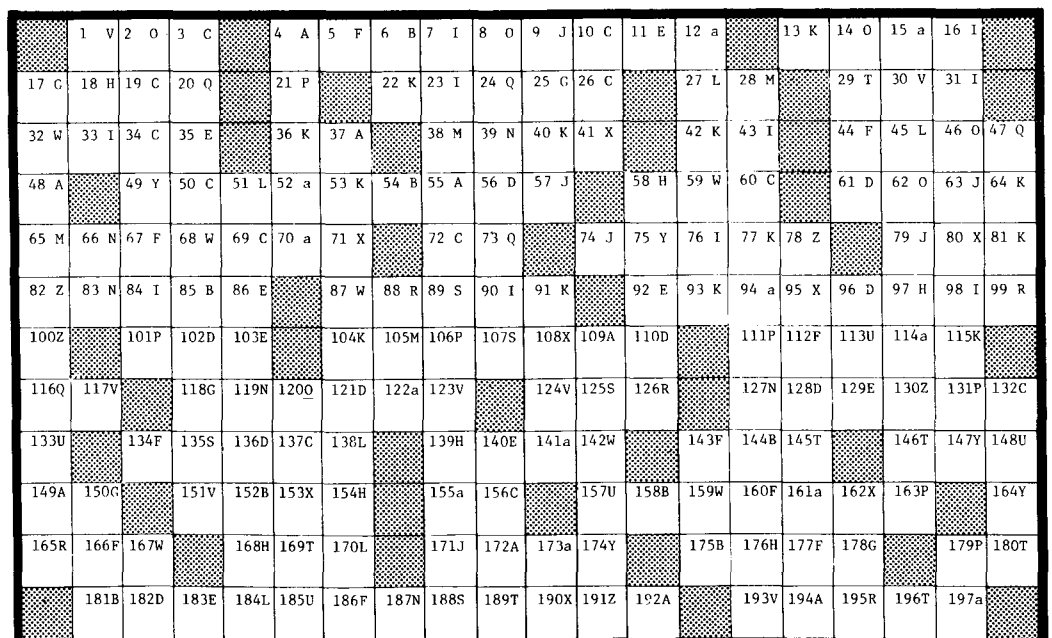
141 15 155 12 52 197 70 94 114 122

161 173

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1346 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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